

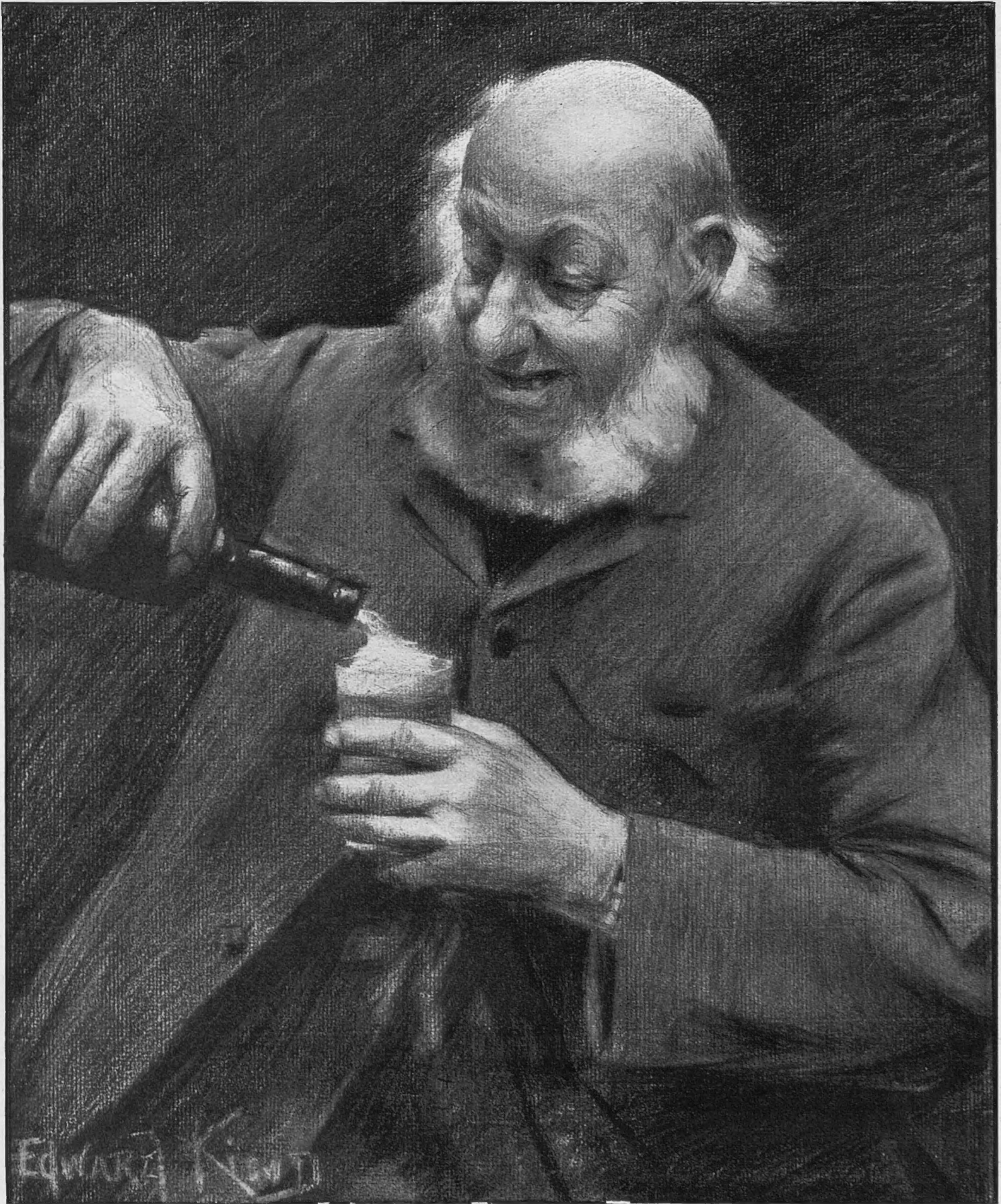
# The Sketch



No. 621.—VOL. XLVIII.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1904.

SIXPENCE.



[DRAWN BY EDWARD KING.]

"Here's a health to all those that I love! Here's a health to all those that love me!

Here's a health to all those that love those that I love, and to those that love those that love me!"





"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND"

The Sketch Office,  
Saturday, Dec. 17.

AND what of Christmas? Is he, as the cynics continually reassure themselves, as dead as Dickens? Or is he, on the contrary, as much alive as Dickens's other creations? Well, for my part, I am a great believer in Christmas, and if, by any dreadful chance, I came across the old man, bent and white-bearded, lying by the roadside, I don't think I should kick him. I don't think I should say, with the cynic, "Hullo! We've killed you at last, have we? That's a good job. You were always a fraud and a humbug, and the sooner you peg out the better." I think I should be inclined, rather, to help the old fellow along the road until we reached some friendly shelter. Then, I believe, I should see that he was properly cared for, and, eventually, nursed back to health. And I should do this, not because I am a whit better Samaritan than the cynic, but for the reason that Christmas has been a very dear old friend to me in years gone by. For the sake of the present generation of children, too, and the generations of children that are to come, I would not for worlds, an I could do anything to prevent such a terrible catastrophe, let him die. Yet the cynic, after all, must not be blamed. His hatred of Christmas is the kind of hatred that many people cherish towards those of whom they have heard but have not met. I can imagine no greater misfortune than that a man should go through life without ever understanding the real meaning of the words, "Happy Christmas."

As a matter of fact, I believe Christmas has taken a new lease of life. Of recent years, perhaps, there has been a tendency to let him die in his ditch. The grown-ups have been worried over money troubles, and their gloom has communicated itself, as gloom in grown-ups always does, to the children. This year, however, I notice a decided revival. It looks to me as though Christmas would receive, in any case, a cordial welcome. If it happens, moreover, that he comes to us in a fine, old-fashioned coat of white snow and glittering frost, I should not be surprised to find that cordial welcome increasing to glorious enthusiasm. Every age, I suppose, has to learn for itself the lesson of philosophy; this is a lesson that cannot be taught to a nation any more than to an individual. While the fair years lasted, we feasted, made merry, and thought ourselves uncommonly genial fellows. Then came the dark years, and we promptly began to sulk. We didn't want to have anything to do with Christmas, we said, or any other frivolous old person. We preferred to sit by ourselves, save lighting and firing, and indulge in picturesque misery. At last, however, we have come out of the sulks. We have learnt a little philosophy. And it is philosophy, of course, that teaches us not to despise a real, fine old friend like Christmas.

At the Christmas Dinner of the New Vagabond Club, to be held at the Hôtel Cecil on Monday evening next, the Guest of the Evening will be Mr. Hall Caine. The Joint Honorary Secretaries of the Club have been good enough to forward me a proof of the oratorical outburst that will be forthcoming on that occasion (all being pretty well) from the Guest of the Evening. Mr. Hall Caine intends to address the dinner-party, I find, on "The Uses of Fiction." The flippant will say, I have no doubt, that the uses of fiction, so far as an author is concerned, are merely practical. Mr. Hall Caine, however, will take a far higher tone than that after dining with the New Vagabonds. He will tell his purring listeners, for example, that the author who does not undergo as much joy and sorrow in the writing of a story as if the thing were real is no story-teller. Mr. Hall Caine, at any rate, is a story-teller; nobody would tell such a story as to deny it. Judging, though, from an article of his that appeared in a recent number of the *Daily Mail*, the sorrow and the joy are neither of them quite over when the story has been told. There is still to

come the joy of a success unparalleled in the history of fiction; there is still to come the sorrow of being accused of a breach of etiquette.

The Guest of the Evening (synonymous, of course, with the Star of the Evening) will then proceed to delight his well-fed hosts with a reference to Scott. "The humblest of us," he will say, looking more like a meek marigold than anything you can imagine, "the humblest of us"—I do hope he will say that twice; at any rate, I've written it twice. It's far too precious to be taken at a gulp—"who are Scott's spiritual sons and heirs tries his best to keep that wishing-cap on his head." This, you know, is the cap that Scott wore, by virtue of which he was Scott. Why, I wonder, should Mr. Hall Caine stop short at the wishing-cap? Would it not be more decent of him to complete his attire? Surely the time has come when he might throw Scott's mantle about his shoulders and slip his feet into Scott's shoes! I suggest to him, with all respect, that nothing delights the public more than a quick change.

The Star of the Evening will next deliver a striking, and, when you come to think of it, a very generous defence of Light Literature. In a voice hoarse with emotion—or the New Vagabonds' tobacco-smoke—he will allude, affectionately, to the Wessex novels of Mr. Hardy, to the Scotch stories of Mr. Barrie and Ian Maclaren, to the Cockney sketches of Mr. Jerome and Mr. Pett Ridge. Observe, I beg of you—this is a bit of mine; not Caine's—observe the masterly way in which he will assign to each author the particular district that author happens to serve. In a flash—a flash so brilliant that the efforts of the melancholy gentleman who takes photographs of people having dinner will seem puny in comparison—Mr. Hall Caine will make it evident to the replete Vagabonds that Hardy, Barrie, Jerome, and the others are, in reality, local novelists. The Vagabonds, examining the ashes of their cigars with lack-lustre eyes, will at once understand why the Guest of the Evening has forborne to include his own name in the little list. "Great Caine!" they will murmur, shifting their positions slightly, "we never thought of that! Hardy and all these chaps just work up one district, but the Guest of the Evening takes the whole world into his canvas—from the Isle of Man to London, from Iceland to Rome! Crikey!"

The applause having partially subsided, as the entertainers who are fairly entertaining say, Mr. Hall Caine will set down his glass of water, mop his be-photographed brow, and claim for fiction that it is a great purifier. I can give you, thanks to this priceless proof, his actual words. He will say: "We hear a good deal about the impurity of certain books and plays. This complaint comes usually from the dear old Partridges of journalism who go to the theatre for the first time at fifty-five years of age, and do not know enough yet to realise that in the long run impurity does not even pay. That, thank God, is a broad general truth which might be maintained from the history of literature in every country." Now, it will be interesting to hear how the Vagabonds receive that passage. In calling Mr. Stead an old partridge, the Guest of the Evening, it seems to me, is putting his own popularity to the test. Suppose, for example, that the Vagabonds are fond of Stead and fond of partridge, the witty little simile runs a risk of falling flat. Suppose, again, that some of them are fond of Stead and the others are fond of partridges, then there may be an uproar. Indeed, in whatever way one considers the admirable jest, there is evidently danger in it. Almost am I inclined to wire Mr. Caine, advising him to substitute duck for partridge. Nobody could object to his likening Mr. Stead to an old duck.

With regard to impurity in fiction, Mr. Hall Caine will be rather inaccurate in stating that it does not pay. Perhaps he means thank God that it does not pay so well as perfervid purity.



"LADY MADCAP," THE NEW MUSICAL COMEDY AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S.



SKETCHES BY RALPH CLEAVER.



## THE CLUBMAN.

*The Navy—Our Guns—Some Ghosts.*

THERE is a general approving chorus from the Clubs concerning the new scheme of naval distribution. The grumbles, such as they may be, will come from the uttermost parts of the earth, where certain ports and certain little settlements will find themselves bereft of a man-of-war which had been looked upon as a permanent and most agreeable institution there. In the far corners of the world, whenever there is trouble brewing, unrest amongst the natives, an earthquake, or a famine, the invariable panacea is to appeal for the presence of a man-of-war, and, once a ship has come to a port, every effort is made to retain it there.

No doubt, the British Flag will be shown in imposing force at intervals in all the seas of the world, but many little capitals and little islands will lament their lost ship. Police duty will have to go on as usual, and, unfortunately, the White Ensign has to fly to keep pirates and slave-traders in awe in some of the most disagreeable climates in the world. If the temper of an officer can stand the Ward-room of a gunboat in the Persian Gulf or the Red Sea, it can be warranted to be equal to any test.

The Treasury is always like a squeezed orange, and the public has to come to the rescue of any great profession to get the last golden drops out of the pulp. India has got some of the new quick-firing guns, and will be able to make the remainder she requires when her arsenals are enlarged, as Lords Curzon and Kitchener have decided that they shall be. The Russians point to this fact as a proof that our Indian policy is to be an aggressive one. They cannot say the same of our home policy, for, the soldiers having at last decided what gun they want, the Treasury says that it has no money to pay for the making of these new "quick-frers."

Now the public has taken an interest in the subject again, and the Treasury officials, who are always like tailors trying to make a suit without enough cloth, will have to starve some equally deserving Department which is not calling out quite so loudly, to feed the Artillery with new guns. It is really high time that our gunners were given new weapons. I heard a very well-known Artillery officer who attended the French Manœuvres say that, when he saw the Artillery of our neighbours in action, he felt inclined to go on his knees and offer up a thanksgiving that the British Channel still existed.

The Artillery has always been our show arm of the Service. Foreign Royalties who come to England and bring keen-eyed Generals with them say charming things about the troops at Aldershot, and are elaborately complimentary concerning the Guards on the occasion of a Birthday Parade; but the one military spectacle we can show them which they cannot surpass is a parade of the R.H.A. at Woolwich. Our galloping gunners always raise the envy of every Continental soldier, and it is a fine specimen of British caution, muddle, and meanness all combined that, with the best drivers, horses, and gunners in the world, we have, at present, the worst guns.

When the Indian arsenals are enlarged, probably Dum-Dum, the most important of them all, will not be the same desolate spot it is now. I was once quartered there for six months, and all I got from the place in pleasure or profit were some very well-authenticated ghost-stories, for Dum-Dum has more ghosts than any other town in India. It used to be the headquarters in old days of the John Kampanee's European Horse Artillery—splendid fellows, who wore white buckskin breeches and brass helmets in full-dress, and when they were disbanded the station lost much of its glory and many of the bungalows became sadly out of repair.

In one bungalow there was a window outside which was blank wall inside, and the tale ran that a room was bricked up with two dead men inside it. Two men sat playing at cards by the bed of a man dying of cholera. One man was called out, and when he returned he found that the dying man had risen from his bed and had strangled the other. This story, well seasoned with love and jealousy, is one of the Dum-Dum tales. A walled-up window can be accountable for much fiction in the imaginative East.

Another tale concerned a bungalow which was rarely let—because it was so far from the Mess bungalow. The natives declared that, on a certain day in the year, an invisible gharry drove up to this deserted bungalow and that soon afterwards three pistol-shots were heard. The ghosts were those of two officers who fought a duel by candle-light, a lizard creeping up to a crack in the floor giving the signal to fire. One man was killed, and the other, in an agony of repentance, committed suicide.

There was one ghost at Dum-Dum who was entirely defeated by an energetic Cantonment Magistrate while I was there. An old hunting-lodge of Surajah Dowlah stands on the one eminence in the station. No one would live in it because of the mysterious music heard in all the rooms. The Magistrate, who liked to enjoy the breeze which came up the Hugli from the sea, hired the house and set to work to trace the music. A little syndicate of the watchman, the gardener, and a fakir were discovered to be the mysterious musicians; the ghosts made a most unromantic appearance in Court, and the Magistrate afterwards enjoyed the evening zephyrs in peace.



MR. OSWALD STOLL, CHAIRMAN AND MANAGING-DIRECTOR OF THE COLISEUM AND MANAGING-DIRECTOR OF THE LONDON HIPPODROME.

*Photograph by Langfrier, Old Bond Street, W.*

## THE HEAD OF THE VARIETY-ENTERTAINMENT WORLD.

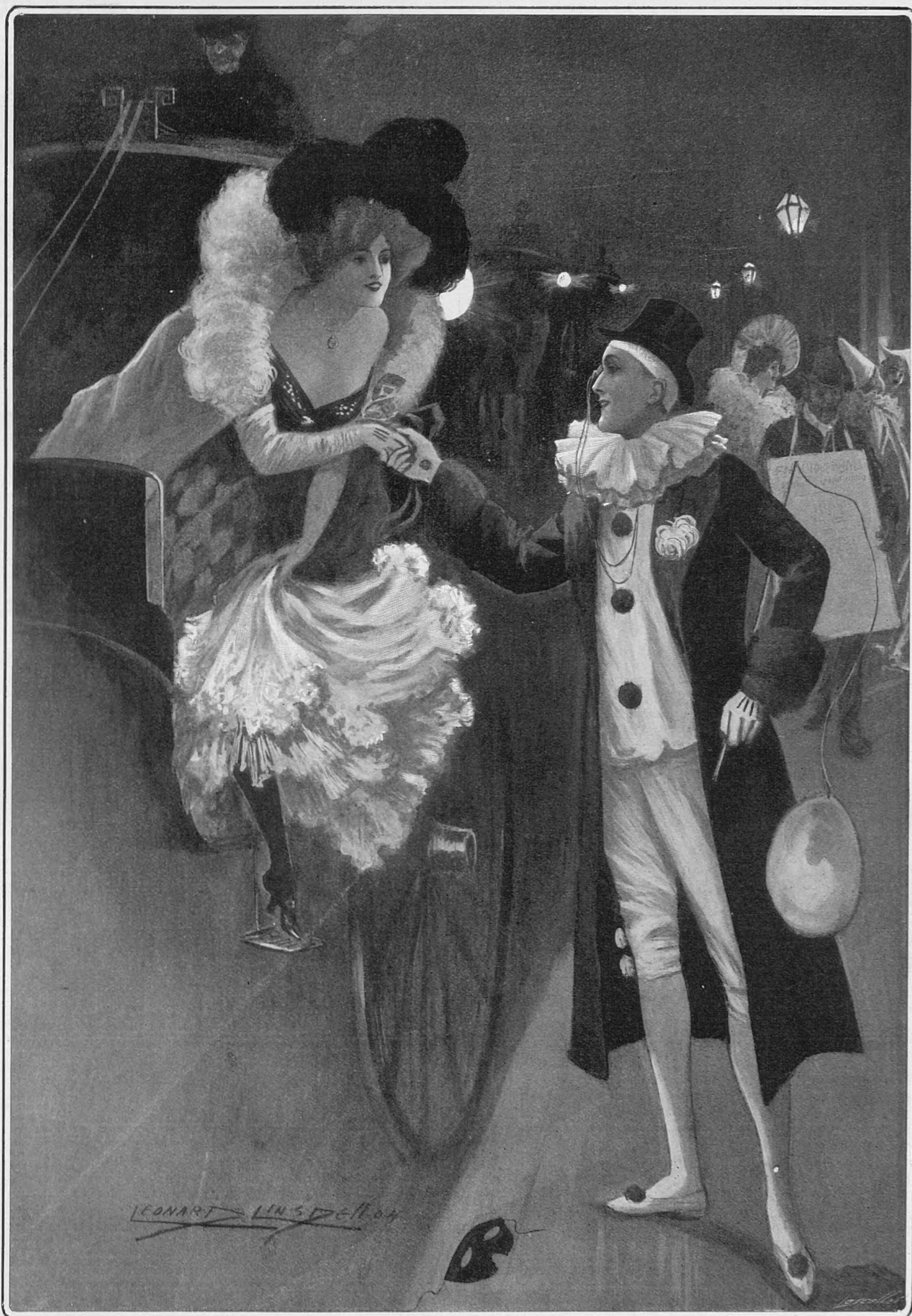
Mr. Stoll has been connected with the music-hall world all his life, for his step-father, Mr. John George Stoll, was the proprietor of a small house, the Parthenon, in Liverpool. He died when Mr. Oswald Stoll was only fourteen; but, young as he was, the boy took a hand in the direction of the entertainment, assisting his mother, though neither of them, it would appear from Mr. Stoll's own confession, knew very much about the business. What he did not know he made up his mind he would learn, and, aided by the books kept by his step-father, he soon knew much of the practical side of the business. Perhaps he learnt most when he wrote to the accredited stars of the music-hall world offering them three pounds a week, and received no replies. On this, much to his mother's amazement, he was prepared to make his offer conform with the requirements of the artistes in order to engage them. As he

grew up, he determined to extend the business, and settled on Cardiff, where he opened the first of those Empires with which his name has now become associated. There he inaugurated that system of two performances a night which is worked with so much success even in London. Having multiplied by two the previous record of the performances in other houses, he has now done the same thing with his own record at the Coliseum.

Mr. H. E. Moss having resigned the managing-directorship of Moss's Empires, Mr. Stoll, hitherto his colleague in that office, has now been elected sole managing-director. As the result he is at the head of practically twenty-nine halls, four of which, in addition to the Coliseum, which is his own property, are in London, two each are in Birmingham, Glasgow, and Liverpool, and the remainder are scattered in the chief towns in the kingdom. Mr. Stoll thus directs an enterprise which it has been calculated will, at Christmas-time, when the new Manchester Hippodrome is opened, entertain an aggregate of some ninety thousand people a day. The artistes number about six hundred a week, in addition to about four hundred supers and about two thousand two hundred employees, while in the orchestras there are about a thousand instrumentalists



THE LIGHT SIDE OF LONDON.



OUTSIDE COVENT GARDEN: THE FOG LIGHTENS.

DRAWN BY LEONARD LINSDELL.



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### SOME LITERARY NOTES.

A Danish writer says that in his country authors are as plentiful as  
toadstools in September. Almost every young woman in Denmark  
who has been disappointed in love promptly sits down to give the  
world a meagrely veiled account of her actual experience with some  
dark, broad-shouldered man whose love was the greatest thing on  
earth while it lasted. Almost every schoolmaster manufactures fiction,  
and there are many clergymen who retain literary aspirations. The  
most popular writer appears to be a lady named Mrs. Jenny Blicher-  
Clausen, who is armed to the teeth with moral lessons and is adored  
by all young ladies. This is as it ought to be; but one is pained to  
read that Mrs. Blicher-Clausen has "nerves, a shrill voice, and a  
shriek that penetrates the universe."

Mr. Marion Crawford has explained his reasons for living abroad.  
He finds the history of the past more interesting than the unwritten  
chronicles of the future. He has a keen sympathy for old customs  
and ancient traditions. His tastes make him instinctively prefer old  
books to new ones. It is, therefore, more natural to him to write  
about old countries than new ones. In old countries there are  
traditions and enduring customs, whereas in new lands public  
excitement outweighs private emotion, and men's happiness depends  
more often upon the loss or gain of a point in politics or business  
than upon the old-fashioned human affections. Mr. Crawford declines  
to say whether a man should strive to preserve his own personality in  
his writings or to divest himself of it; but he is sure, however, that  
no novelist, playwright, or historian should attempt to write of men  
and women who do not naturally appeal to his sympathies, nor of  
events in which he would not play a part if he could. "Anyone who  
neglects this simple precept is sure to write a dull novel, a dull play,  
or a dull history, which is worse than either."

Vernon Lee's new volume of essays, "The Enchanted Wood," will  
be published shortly by Mr. John Lane.

The "Complete Version of Ye Three Blind Mice" has just been  
published by F. Warne and Co. Mr. J. W. Ivimey has supplied the  
verses, which are cleverly illustrated in colours by Mr. Walton Corbould.  
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THE

## ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

DECEMBER 24.

## LONDON'S NEW PLEASURE-HOUSE:

THE COLISEUM.

## CHRISTMAS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

"LADY MADCAP,"

AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S.

THE

## ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

DECEMBER 24.

OFFICE: 198, STRAND, W.C.





## SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

THE KING and the Prince of Wales always enjoy a day's pheasant-shooting at Hall Barn, and this week Lord Burnham is entertaining the Sovereign and the Prince at his historic old mansion, noted in the past for its connection with the most eloquent of British statesmen, the great Edmund Burke, and in the present for its unique Turkish bath, the finest private Hummum in the kingdom, not to say in Europe. Brocket Hall,

where the Prince and Princess of Wales are together honouring Lord and Lady Mount Stephen with a visit, is also associated with statecraft, it having been the favourite home of Lord Melbourne and Lord Palmerston. Lady Mount Stephen is one of Her Royal Highness's most intimate friends, for in the days when she was still Miss Gian Tufnell she was a favourite Lady-in-Waiting of the Duchess of Teck, and she was with that kindly and large-hearted Princess during the last months of her life. It will be remembered that Prince and Princess Alexander of Teck spent the early days of their honeymoon at Brocket Hall.

### *The Grand Duchess Serge.*

The Grand Duchess Serge, whose husband is threatening to resign the Governorship of Moscow, owing to his disgust at the reform tendencies of Prince Sviatopolk-Mirski, has distinguished herself by her energy in working for the relief of the widows and orphans of the wounded in the war. Her Imperial Highness is particularly interesting to English people, because she is the second daughter of our lamented Princess Alice, Grand Duchess of Hesse, and she is considered to be perhaps the loveliest of all Queen Victoria's grandchildren. Her delicate, pathetic features, her slight, graceful figure, and her exquisite taste in dress all make her a particularly interesting figure in the Russian Royal Family. She and her husband are very fond of travelling and have more than once visited this country.

*The Oldest Member.* Although eighty-six, Mr. Charrington, unlike some younger and bored colleagues, did not ask in the House of Commons, "Why am I here?" He knew why he was there, and, in spite of obstruction and long sittings, he did his duty silently and steadfastly. For the last nineteen years of his life Mr. Charrington represented in Parliament the East-End Division where his brewery is situated, and, although his voice was seldom heard even in conversation, he was very familiar in the Division Lobby. It was his example which encouraged many other members to endure the twenty-five and a-half hours' sitting last July. In recent years Mr. Charrington stooped very much, but his movements continued alert, and friends had anticipated that he would survive the present Parliament. All are sorry to hear of the death of the oldest man in the House.

*The Next Oldest.* Who succeeds Mr. Charrington as the veteran at St. Stephen's? "Dod" is silent as to the age of Serjeant Hemphill, but, seeing that he was called to the Irish Bar sixty years ago, it is assumed that he is considerably over eighty. Sir Frederick Mappin, of Sheffield fame, is eighty-three, and, although he speaks rarely and briefly, he spends a great deal of time in the House, listening more attentively than youths of thirty. To see Sir Frederick Mappin in his carriage as he drives to and from the House, nobody would think that he was born in the year after that in which George III. died. Two members compete for the next place, each being eighty-two. Both are men of business—Sir Charles Palmer, ship-owner, colliery-owner, and engineer; and Mr. Samuel Young, an Irish distiller. All these are about four times the age of the youngest member, Lord Turnour.

*Lord Cadogan.* With smooth, shaved face, Lord Cadogan (who has been entertaining the King and Queen at Culford Hall, Bury St. Edmunds) looks almost a young man. More than thirty years, however, have passed since he spent a few months in the House of Commons. He was Member for Bath when his father died and he succeeded to the title. Lord Cadogan held office under Disraeli, and obtained Cabinet rank under Lord Salisbury in 1887. His greatest public service was in the high and difficult post of Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. This he held from 1895 till 1902, when he retired with the respect of all parties. His heir is Viscount Chelsea, he lives at Chelsea House, and he was the first Mayor of Chelsea. From Chelsea he has drawn wealth.

THE GRAND DUCHESS SERGE.



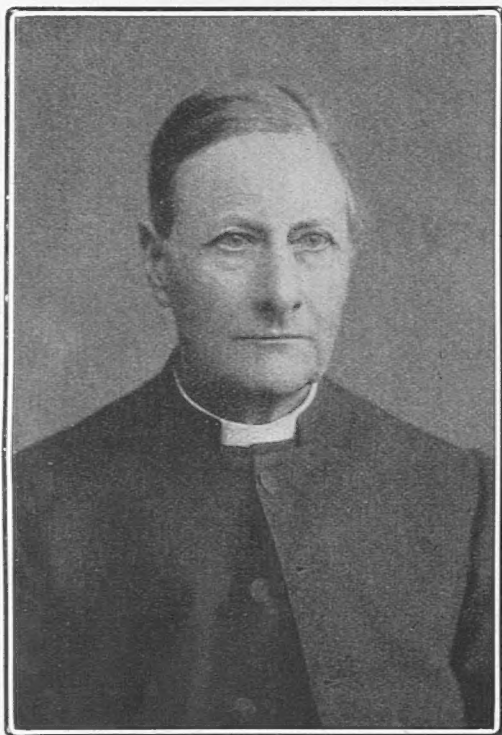
THE GRAND DUCHESS SERGE OF RUSSIA RECEIVING GIFTS OF CLOTHING, ETC., IN THE VESTIBULE OF A PALACE IN THE KREMLIN, MOSCOW, FOR THE WOUNDED SOLDIERS IN MANCHURIA.

*The Painting represents the late Emperor Alexander receiving a Deputation of Peasants.*



**Naval Promotions.** The approaching retirement of Admiral of the Fleet Sir Nowell Salmon, V.C., G.C.B., has caused universal regret, since that veteran sailor has served his country well in peace and war for the long period of fifty-seven years. Admiral Sir Edward Hobart Seymour, G.C.B., O.M., succeeds Sir Nowell Salmon as Admiral of the Fleet, and Vice-Admiral Sir Lewis Beaumont follows Admiral Seymour in the Devonport command. The appointment of Prince Louis of Battenberg to command the Cruiser Squadron is very popular in Navy circles, for the Prince is generally considered to be one of the most promising of our younger Flag Officers. Rear-Admiral R. F. H. Henderson has been selected for the appointment of Admiral Commanding the Coast Guard and Reserves, and he will be succeeded as Admiral-Superintendent of Portsmouth Dockyard by Rear-Admiral H. D. Barry, an officer who, though he has seen no war-service, has a great reputation for scientific attainments. At one time Admiral Barry commanded the second-class cruiser *Astrea*, but during the last few years he has been employed ashore, and latterly has filled the onerous post of Director of Naval Ordnance, in which he will be followed by Captain J. R. Jellicoe.

**A Literary "Squarson."** Mr. Baring-Gould must be one of the most versatile and industrious authors that ever lived. The "squarson," or squire-parson, of Lew-Trenchard, in North Devon, he presented himself to the living on the death of his uncle, having some years before that succeeded to the family estates in the parish. He is by no means the rosy-gilled, sleek



THE REV. S. BARING-GOULD, THE WELL-KNOWN AUTHOR.

Photograph by Heath, Plymouth.

ecclesiastic that you would expect from this; on the contrary, though of a good presence, he is spare in frame, and his rather thin, intellectual countenance suggests spiritual instead of material benevolence. Next month he will enter on his seventy-first year, and for the past half-century he has been writing books: sermons, novels, books of theology and devotion, antiquary's lore, topography, folk-lore, songs, biography—nothing seems to come amiss to his abundant mind. Probably he would have made a greater name if he had not been so diffuse, if he had not expended himself on such subjects as were-wolves, the lives of the saints, the apocryphal gospels, historic oddities and curious survivals. At the same time, there are not many writers who would not be proud to have written four such admirable and moving stories as "Mehalah," "John Herring," "Court Royal," and "Richard Cable."

**A Popular Ambassador.** The news that Mr. Choate is really going back to America, after all, will be a real blow to the London world, for no Ambassador has known how to make himself so popular with all and sundry as has the representative of the Stars and Stripes. Mr. Choate knows how to suit his manners and his speeches to his company, and he is, for instance, equally at home at Buckingham Palace as when acting as the guest of honour to the Vagabonds' Club. He came here with a great reputation as an after-dinner speaker, and he has, if anything, increased it during his stay in London. Mr. and Mrs. Choate have had the privilege of living in two of the most delightful houses in London. Their first residence was No. 1, Carlton House Terrace, the property of Lord and Lady Curzon of Kedleston, and when obliged to vacate this mansion they did not move far away, for they have now been settled down for some time at No. 4, Carlton Gardens, the large house which once belonged to the Prime Minister and which has an even more delightful outlook than the historic No. 1. Mr. Choate, who is to be succeeded by Mr. Whitelaw Reid, will doubtless often visit this country, where he has made innumerable and very sincerely devoted friends.

**Harry Fragson.** The weather was bad and I handed two francs to the cabman, although his taxametric machine would probably, I thought, claim considerably less (writes our Paris Correspondent). Then the cabman turned round and spoke. He spoke long, flowingly, and with considerable vigour. I don't

remember ever to have heard quite such vituperation, excepting from the lips of Kent before they put him in the stocks in William Shakspeare's domestic tragedy, "King Lear." The taxameter, which was abnormally large, claimed forty-seven twenty-five for a six minutes' drive, and, as the crowd grew, so did the flow of language from the cabman. Then he called up a colleague and explained to him, and suddenly invited my friend and myself to get back into the cab again and to be driven up for justice. On the way there, Herbert Ward, a sculptor, who was a member of Stanley's celebrated Rear-guard at Yambuya, a man who has shot elephants, hunted the winsome tiger, and indulged in various other dangerous pursuits, remarked that tiger-hunting was not in it for real danger with a drive behind a cabby like the one we had, and I began to feel that he was right. Then the cab stopped. Jehu clambered off his box, pointed and said, "C'est là," and in we went.

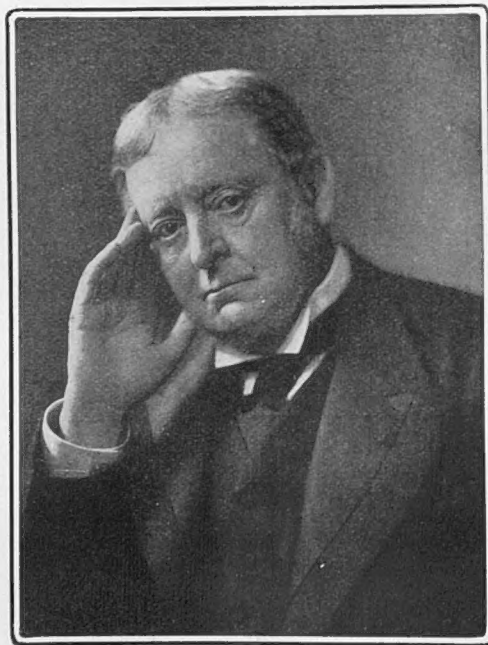


REAR-ADMIRAL H. D. BARRY, NEW ADMIRAL-SUPERINTENDENT OF PORTSMOUTH DOCKYARD.

Photograph by Russell, Southsea.

The place was more like a studio than a police-station, and, when a big man with a heavy moustache and a strong resemblance to our cabman came in and shook hands affectionately with an articulated skeleton sitting on a chair by the door, we began to smell a rat. His clothes were brick-red, save the waistcoat, which was scarlet. His tie was of a pale green, and Ward suddenly exclaimed, "Why, that is Monsieur Philibert from the Revue now going on at Parisiana!" "And Philibert is Fragson!" shouted I. "And Fragson was the cabman," Monsieur Philibert remarked, in English, "and I am Harry Fragson, at your service." But, even after we had found him out, Fragson would not stop working. His face and costumes changed with biographic suddenness; he insisted on introducing Ward, the traveller, to a young family of his from Africa, and when we, in the course of conversation, mentioned Abel Faivre, Fragson became the painter's well-known figure of a concierge in about three minutes. "And do you think that I shall get on in London?" was his parting question. "I am awfully afraid about it, because, although I am an Englishman, and a Cockney at that, I've never faced a London audience." "I don't see what you've got to be afraid of," we both said together. "Paris

audiences are critical enough, and you are pretty popular in Paris. What do you fear from London?" Harry Fregoli-Fragson was in dress-clothes by that time, and at the piano. "C'est le flegme, le grand flegme, le grand flegme Britannique," he chirruped merrily, and gave us rendez-vous at Drury Lane next winter as we went.



AMERICA IN LONDON: A NEW STUDY OF MR. J. H. CHOATE.

Photograph by H. Walter Barnett, Hyde Park Corner.

The European Sovereigns have not treated King Peter of Servia with marked attention, owing to the somewhat dubious circumstances in which he came to his throne, and it is therefore interesting to note that he has been presented with the Order of the Annunciata by the King of Italy. This is owing to the fact that he is the brother-in-law of Queen Helena, whose eldest sister, Princess Zorka, he married about twenty years ago. Queen Helena has always taken a great interest in her nephews and niece since her sister died, and the young Princess Helena, her namesake, has of late spent a good part of each year at the Italian Court. In return, King Peter has presented King Victor Emmanuel with the Order of the Star of Karageorge.



*Princess Colonna.* Princess Colonna is an American, the daughter of Mrs. Mackay by her first husband, and the adopted daughter of the great "Bonanza King," as he was called. Miss Evelyne Julia Bryant was born in the State of Nevada, at a place called Downieville, forty-three years ago last month, and her marriage with



PRINCESS COLONNA, DAUGHTER OF MRS. JOHN MACKAY.

Photograph by Thomson, New Bond Street, W.

Prince Ferdinand Colonna took place in Paris at the Papal Nonciature in 1885. The event was really one of European interest, for the Colonnas have always been prominent throughout Italian history, and they claim no fewer than six Popes and forty Cardinals, to say nothing of the conqueror of Lepanto and that Cardinal Colonna who was the friend of Petrarch. Princess Colonna's husband is the head of the Naples branch of the family, and he, in addition to his long string of Italian titles, is a Grandee of Spain of the First Class. Prince Colonna, who is forty-six, succeeded his uncle in the family honours nearly five years ago. He and his charming American wife have three children—two boys and a girl—the eldest of whom, Andrea Marcantonio Ferdinando, celebrated his nineteenth birthday last week, the 14th.

*The Lord of Alnwick.*

The Duke of Northumberland—who has just been appointed Lord-Lieutenant of the county from which he takes his title, in succession to Lord Grey, who resigned on his appointment to Canada—is in some ways the most notable of our Dukes. To begin with, he is a member of the Catholic Apostolic, or Irvingite, Church, and among his earliest recollections is the vacant chair which was always left at his father's dinner-table, to signify the second coming of our Lord. Unlike most Dukes, his Grace of Northumberland does not care for sport and is keenly interested in literature. He is an excellent antiquary, and not long ago was elected a Trustee of the British Museum, an honour which he greatly prizes. At the same time, he is a very good man of business; he is Chairman of the Northumberland County Council, and was for a short time Treasurer of her late Majesty's Household. A tall, thin man, with rather reddish hair and unfashionable whiskers, he is extraordinarily like the old Duke, his father. Oddly enough, in his younger days, when he was in the House of Commons, he generally acted with the famous Fourth Party, with which Mr. Balfour was pretty closely associated. The Duchess of Northumberland, who is considered the most beautiful of the many daughters of the late Duke of Argyll, even now, though she has been the mother of many children, has a marvellous complexion and an astonishing look of youth. Her garden-parties at Syon House are famous, but she must sometimes look back wistfully to the days when, as a young married woman, she sometimes did the honours of Northumberland House, that noble

palace at Charing Cross whose disappearance people of taste have never ceased to regret.

*"Professor" Elgar.* Sir Edward Elgar is indeed coming into his kingdom—better late than never—for a pious founder named Peyton has established a Chair of Music at Birmingham University expressly for him. Birmingham has long been a very musical city. The Bishop of Worcester (who will probably be the first Bishop of Birmingham) some time ago appointed a Commission, with Lord Beauchamp at the head, to see what could be done to improve the music in churches, and the resulting report contained drastic proposals, especially some most entertaining ones about congregational singing. Sir Edward is capable of creating a great school of music in Birmingham, and Manchester will have to look to her laurels. His is an inherited gift, for his father was the organist of the little Roman Catholic Chapel at Worcester, and yet no one living has done more to emancipate English music from the tyranny of the organ-loft. Tall, lean, angular, with a grave courtesy, he is certainly very unlike the traditional idea of a great composer. His genius was slow to mature: he was thirty-five before he published anything. Perhaps that is partly because his family wished him to become a solicitor, and he did actually waste a year in an office. Of course, his greatest work is "The Dream of Gerontius," which was first produced at the Birmingham Festival of 1900. Except for some violin-lessons from M. Pollitzer, Elgar was quite self-taught, and therein lies, no doubt, the secret of his characteristic originality.

*A Windsor Hostess.* The neighbourhood of the Royal Borough is rich in agreeable and accomplished hostesses; among them, Lady George Pratt, of Meadow Bank, Winkfield, near Windsor, takes a high place in the estimation of her neighbours, Royal and gentle, for she and Lord George are friends of Prince and Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein. The popular couple have been married a quarter of a century, the bride of 1879 having been a daughter of the first Lord Cheylesmore, and so the sister of the present Peer. Both Lord and Lady George Pratt are devoted to gardening, and the grounds surrounding their charming home are full of interesting trees and plants. Lord George Pratt, till the birth



LADY GEORGE PRATT, AN INTIMATE FRIEND OF PRINCESS CHRISTIAN.

Photograph by E. Brooks.

of the youthful Earl of Brecknock, was heir-presumptive to his nephew, Marquis Camden. He is a clever, cultivated man, and is still pleasantly remembered by his old brother officers in the Grenadier Guards.



*The King as  
Miner.*

If report speaks true, and in this case it has every appearance of reality, the King has missed a chance of making a fortune in the goldfields of Alaska. Early in 1903, the story runs, a miner duly executed a quit-claim deed which made His Majesty owner of the Eureka Creek claim. The necessary formalities were carried out, and two dollars



MISS BILLIE BURKE AND HER PET GOLLIWOG.

*Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.*

were demanded and paid for the recording of the transaction. Unfortunately, however, the Registrar did not ask for the number of His Majesty's licence, and, still more unfortunately, the amount of work specified by the rules and regulations governing such matters was not performed. Thus the claim became no-man's land, and, as the land close by has since been proved of value, it has, doubtless, now been jumped by some enterprising speculator; otherwise the King might have added "miner" to his many titles.

*Jacques Lebaudy,  
Emperor.*

The "Emperor of the Sahara" is still in trouble. Writs against him for salaries owing are almost as many as the sands of the desert over which he wished to rule, and, as a crowning disaster, his Navy—that beautiful Navy of two yachts with which he once threatened to bombard Cherbourg—has been sold for the paltry sum of a hundred and sixty pounds. As a compensation, however, *Gil Blas* has again betrothed him, this time to a lady, said to be the daughter of an English manufacturer worth four millions, whose name is given variously as "Borkley" and "Berkeley." The story of his meeting with his bride-elect, his rescue of her from the wreck of her bicycle, should, at least, appeal to M. Lebaudy's undoubted taste for the romantic.

*The Czar and the  
"Talbot."*

The Czar's presentation of a silver bowl and ladle to the Ward-room of the *Talbot*, "in friendly recognition of the assistance rendered to the crews of the *Variag* and *Koreitz* after the Battle of Tchemulpo, February 1904," is an act at once graceful and diplomatic, and, as such, it has been most cordially acknowledged by the Board of Admiralty, speaking for the British officers concerned. The *Talbot* is at present out of commission, but the interesting gift, to which His Imperial Majesty has added a cheque for five hundred pounds for the Royal Naval Fund of which the Prince of Wales is President, has been entrusted to Captain Lewis Bayly, of H.M.S. *Queen*, who was in command of her when she was able to be of such signal service to the Russian sailors in distress. Out of such international courtesies may much good come.

*Our Motoring  
Premier.*

"A gifted member of his family, who too modestly desires to remain anonymous," has, in vulgar parlance, been giving Mr. Balfour away. Motoring is the topic he discusses, and the *Car* gives him publicity. Mr. Balfour, it would appear, increases the speed of his motor-car year by year,

not, as the ordinary man does, because he feels the fascination of speed—he does not wish to go faster on the flat—but because he wishes to increase the pace up the hills, and so avoid having to prevent his car running backwards down slopes by means of logs of wood carried for the purpose, a practice he found necessary when he first joined the ranks of automobilists. Incidentally, no doubt, he now finds it easier to avoid the attentions of the children of the neighbourhood of Whittingehame, who were wont to throw their caps under the wheels of his first car.

*The Fire Brigade  
Doll.*

The favourite toy this year on the Paris Boulevards is a little man dressed up like an English, or rather, a London fireman. The doll is automatic, and is made by a great French doll-manufacturer on the Boulevard Menilmontant, and its uniform is more or less correct. One of the gutter-merchants, on being asked the other day why all his dolls wore the English fireman's uniform, replied that it was because the English visitors to Paris insisted on it. This is an obvious mistake, for English people in Paris always like to bring away something entirely French, and would never buy an English fireman in Paris if they could buy a French one. The fact is that the French parents and children want "le petit pompier anglais" and will buy no other. The Metropolitan Fire Brigade did not go over to France in vain.

*The Oldest German.*

The senior inhabitant of the German Empire is an old man named Gaspard Griesser, who lives in the village of Lorsch, in Hesse. He does not know his exact age, because the registers of the village do not go back as far as 1793, the year in which he was born; but the records of the parish church prove that he was baptised in December of that year, so that he is now certainly one hundred and eleven years of age. Gaspard can see, hear, and eat well, and can walk without support. He spends his days smoking his pipe and he has never left his native village. A man who was eleven years old when Napoleon I. was crowned Emperor of the French, and who might have fought at Leipzig, though he makes no claim to this, is something quite out of the common.

*Summary Justice  
in Russia.*

They have a sharp way with offenders in Russia, even in minor cases. A short time ago, when the train from Tashkend stopped at Tchernaevo, a well-dressed man got into a carriage marked "No Smoking Allowed," and, taking out his case, began to smoke a cigarette. The other passengers politely called his attention to the fact that he was not in a smoking-carriage, but he paid no heed to them and went on smoking.



"THE FLOWER-SELLER": A COVENT GARDEN PRIZE-WINNER.

*Photograph by C. Vandyk.*

It so happened that one of the travellers was a Justice of the Peace, who thereupon got up, took his chain of office out of his bag, and declared the carriage a Court of Law. The smoker was found guilty and fined fifty roubles, and, as he would not give his name and declared that he had no money, he was imprisoned in the guard's van until he paid the fine or the train arrived at a town where there was a prison.





MISS PAULINE CHASE, WHO HAS BEEN RECENTLY PLAYING CÉCILE IN "VÉRONIQUE"  
AT THE APOLLO.

*Photograph by Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.*



## MY MORNING PAPER.



By THE MAN IN THE TRAIN.

I HAVE referred in these columns to the great Church quarrels in Scotland. The matter is quite simple. Most of the Free Church wanted to unite with another body, and the innovators were inclined to deal roughly with the small minority that did not seek and would not accept change. So the minority went to law, and, after prolonged litigation, the House of Lords decided that, while the majority might leave the Free Kirk, they must hand over the goods of their congregation to the faithful minority that remained. This, of course, was no part of the majority's programme; they wished to take the loaves and fishes with them, and leave the minority their faith as sole asset. Their cry of distress has been heard throughout Scotland, and now a Royal Commission has been appointed to inquire into the matter. The Earl of Elgin, Lord Kinnear, and Sir Ralph Anstruther are men of affairs and wide experience in dealing with difficult problems, and I think this will be one of the hardest jobs they ever tackled. It is obvious that they are acting for the majority, since the minority's assets include, in addition to the faith aforesaid, a House of Lords' decision and the right at law to all the possessions bequeathed by devout men to their Church. What need have they to compromise with the unfaithful?

My morning paper has announced the appointment of that gallant hero, Field-Marshal Sir George White, V.C., to the Governorship of the

Royal Hospital, Chelsea, and so reminds the public that the great soldier's days of active service are at an end. What days they have been! He was with Lord Roberts on the road between Kabul and Kandahar in '79-'80. The Nile Expedition, the Burmese trouble, the North-West Frontier Campaigns must be added to his more modern record of South Africa; and when I saw the gallant soldier last, little more than a year ago, at Gibraltar, where he is still Governor and Commander-in-Chief, it was hard to realise that the alert, vigorous man had known more than half-a-century of active service in all parts of the globe. I hope he will enjoy the dignity and ease of the Chelsea Hospital appointment for many years to come and that he will not miss the sunshine too much. After his fifty years of work in countries whose poorest inhabitant sees the face of the sun, one fears that Chelsea Hospital will seem rather cheerless for some eight months out of the twelve. Perhaps Sir George will give us a book of military experiences. He must have a host of unrecorded adventures.

*Russian Progress.* A few days ago, I turned from the story of the riots in St. Petersburg and the action of the Zemstvos' delegates and took up Carlyle's "French Revolution." In the first volume of that remarkable piece of work I seemed to find all the atmosphere of upheaval that the telegrams of the Agencies and Correspondents bring before us now. Even the Far Eastern situation cannot boast more wonderful possibilities than those associated with the Russian move towards reform. A special significance attaches to the pending resignation of several highly placed officials whose business in the past years has been to sit upon the safety-valve of the Russian political engine. If the war with Japan had gone differently, there is no doubt in the world but that autocracy would have had a fresh lease of life. As it is, the Grand Dukes and other powerful functionaries who have contributed so largely to the sum of human misery are beginning to realise that their hour is upon them. It is clear enough to observers outside Russia that some of the Romanoff House must be thrown overboard if the Romanoff dynasty is to be preserved.

*An Appeal to the Charitable.* I have scanned the papers carefully in the past few weeks to see whether there is any appeal on behalf of a certain Marquis of whom the Philistines have made sport lately. No corner of my morning paper holds a word about his case, so I venture to write one without any authorisation. The nobleman for whom I plead has been deprived, at the coldest season of the year, of some scores of fur coats and some hundreds of fancy waistcoats. At a time when the sun refuses to shine and artificial light must be supplied, merciless creditors have seized all his stock of jewellery, his gold chains, his studs, rings, buttons, sleeve-links, scarf-pins, and other trinkets that were calculated to enable their possessor to dispense with the sun's rays. The same creditors have left their victim no more than a paltry allowance of about fifty or sixty pounds a week. At this season of the year it is to be hoped that a few high-minded philanthropists will come forward and relieve a really distressing case. There is reason to believe that the impoverished Marquis will not even be able to afford the simple luxury of a pantomime.

*Colonel Marchand's Case.* I cannot avoid the thought that Colonel Marchand must be sorry he ever saw Fashoda. Since that unfortunate little affair made his name common in men's mouths he has been the victim of all the least scrupulous politicians in France—and they are a shady lot. The latest suggestion is that he should take the place of the late M. Syveton in the Chamber of Deputies. The idea has its advantages. Colonel Marchand would not assault the Minister of War in the brutal fashion of the late Deputy—discipline would forbid; but, on the other hand, he might be persuaded by the wire-pullers that he would look at his best mounted on a white horse and leading a mob of patriots to the Elysée. The irrepressible Rochefort declares that Colonel Marchand should be made a Deputy in order to conduct a campaign against the Republic. One can but hope that the brave Colonel is not so foolish as his supporters imagine.



"MAROONED"; OR, THE LAST TO LEAVE THE SEASIDE.

DRAWN BY JOHN HASSALL.



WHAT THE CAT THOUGHT OF THE DOG NEXT-DOOR.



DRAWN BY LOUIS WAIN.

# THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

BY E. F. S.

("Monocle.")

COURT THEATRE MATINÉES AND "LADYLAND."

THE matinées at the Court Theatre this season are agreeable in contrast with the experimental matinées, which, after a big boom seven or eight years ago, almost died out; for the standard of plays produced and of performance is more than merely respectable. At the same time, it may be remarked reasonably that punctuality has not been a noticeable quality. This is unfortunate. Not only is it very annoying to make a rush in order to be in good time, and then to be required to wait a quarter-of-an-hour or thereabouts, but the result is to encourage playgoers in bad habits, from which punctual plays and those who avoid coming late to see them will suffer. An auctioneer-like advertisement of "2.45 for 3" would be much better than a three o'clock that begins at a quarter-past. To add the word "punctually" on the programme and announcements does not improve the matter. The two matinées of the week were "Margot" and "A Little Brown Branch." The latter was the more interesting. It has a freshness that at times amounts to originality, which, however, is almost, perhaps quite, counterbalanced by a curious lack of judgment. The idea of choosing as circumstances of the drama's action a farm on which well-to-do Londoners are doing farm-labourers' work as a health-cure might have been treated as comedy or would have served capitally for farce, and, so far as the stage is concerned, it seems to me to be novel. Unfortunately, it is handled farcically, and noisily too, as what probably is intended as "relief" to an entirely serious comedy. Moreover, it was employed in a fashion which suggested that the author was advocating a system of "self-help" cure which seemed as if it had some relation to *Punch's* famous series of "If you want a thing done, do it yourself," and such a suggestion is always a little disturbing. It gives one a suspicion such as that conveyed in Oliver Wendell Holmes's neat phrase, "medicated fiction." The result was that we were hardly in tune with Mr. Berte Thomas's serious ideas. That he would have real ideas was suspected by those who remember "The Weather Hen," of which he was part-author with Mr. Granville Barker. It may be worth the while of the management to give a series of matinées of that very clever comedy, for which, despite the result of its first venture, I believe there is a chance of success, particularly if Miss Madge McIntosh, on her return from America, and Mr. Graham Browne can be retained for their original parts, admirably played by them.

The theme handled is one that plays a great part in many lives. A man loves a woman and becomes engaged to her; then another woman appears, and unwittingly the man transfers his love: accident causes him to discover his unintentional disloyalty. What are the three to do? The man proposes to keep silence as to his involuntary treason and fulfil his engagement. Is he right or wrong? We know how the Law Courts act in such matters, and what capital "copy" for the papers and excellent material for easy jokes by Judge and counsel come from the breach-of-promise actions that some people seek to abolish. They ought not to be abolished; their service is not so much in the cases where they right a wrong to some extent, or punish a wrongdoer, but in the fact that the fear of them very often prevents men from making offers with evil motives or without sufficient consideration of their feelings. Of course, the author does not work out his play with the aid of lawyers. He causes the man to determine to carry out the marriage, but the woman, who loves her rival, sets him free, despite the grief to her heart in the loss of him. All the scenes bearing on this aspect of the play are admirably written, though some defect in construction occasionally weakens the proposed dramatic effect. Unfortunately, just as we are apparently at the end of the play and full of sorrow for the self-sacrificing woman, proceedings are started between her and a young man of little more than half her age who wants to marry her. He is the "little brown branch" of the title, and is so

called owing to some passages of elaborate figurative dialogue which at times seemed rather ridiculous. Here a needless complication in the play becomes somewhat odious. For the woman was our old friend, a woman with a past, and for her to be permitting the courtship of the young man ignorant of her career is disagreeable. The fact that, at the highest moment of what we are induced to believe is a great grief she is accessible to his appeal may be possible, though it appeared improbable, and Mr. Berte Thomas

was perhaps anxious to show a curious piece of psychology already handled by dramatists from Shakspeare downwards. The result of the play as a whole is disappointing, and, although some portions deserve preservation, the work could hardly succeed unless re-written. The acting of the principals was excellent. The author was skilful in his work as the wavering man, but hardly made him appear interesting. A very able performance was given by Miss Frances Ivor, who represented the middle-aged woman, though she was not in every respect the ideal actress for the part. Miss Winifred Fraser, in the character of the girl, acted charmingly: the London stage has not seen her sufficiently often of late. Mr. Graham Browne was very clever as the youthful suitor and distinguished himself both in passages of humour and in serious scenes.

"Margot" belongs to a class fortunately now out of the mode—the mixture of artificial story with realistic details. Far greater skill than was shown is needed to stir us by the tale of the wicked woman who, in defiance of French law, marries a lad because she loves him, is faithless because he is poor and she needs luxury, and poisons herself when discovery of her falsehood becomes inevitable. There is a certain amount of skill in Miss May Pardoe's version, but even a very able performance by Miss Darragh—who, however, showed some tendency to exaggeration—

could not render the piece very taking. It is regrettable that so talented an actress should be doomed to such adventuress parts. By-the-bye, it appeared as if she had discarded "make-up"—perhaps wisely so far as the third Act was concerned; in the others the effect was deplorable. Mr. Graham Browne acted with really remarkable power in the part of the young man who married Margot despite the prayers of his mother and warnings of his friends, and Miss Gertrude Barnett played very agreeably an *ingénue* part. The pronunciation of the French was unusually good; still, there was a curious lack of French atmosphere.

"Ladyland," at the Avenue, shows more clearly than the great successes of its class how much cleverness of a kind is needed for triumph in the light musico-dramatic works. Much money has been spent, a strong Company engaged, Mr. Lambert's music is tuneful, individual passages of Mr. Eustace Ponsonby's book amused the house, and yet it was clear on the first-night that the piece needed pulling together and strengthening. Though a by no means novel idea is foundation of the libretto, it might well serve again if handled with greater skill and the plot concerning the Amazonian ladies were rendered more easily intelligible.

It is a curious law of the game that you must begin with a fairly clear and coherent story—if the public likes the piece, you may drop the tale scrap by scrap till, when the hundredth night or so is reached, the play may be chaotic; on what reason the law is based I do not know. After her triumph in comedy, one hoped that Miss Ethel Irving would have some real opportunity of distinguishing herself, but though she worked very ably the reward was not quite adequate. Messrs. Giddens, R. Green, Austin Melford, and Tresahar all laboured excellently. Miss Geraldine Ulmar made a welcome reappearance, and Miss Gurney Delaporte was charming.



MR. J. M. BARRIE,  
WHOSE NEW PLAY, "PETER PAN," WILL BE PRODUCED  
AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S SHORTLY.  
Photograph by Barraud, Oxford Street, W.



# HARRY FRAGSON: A PHOTOGRAPHIC INTERVIEW.

MR. FRAGSON IS THE CLEVER ANGLO-FRENCH COMEDIAN WHO HAS BEEN ENGAGED BY MR. ARTHUR COLLINS FOR THE PANTOMIME AT DRURY LANE NEXT YEAR.

(SEE ALSO PAGE 336.)



AS M. PHILIBERT, THE COCHER, RECEIVING HIS LEGAL FARE——



——AND DISCUSSING IT WITH A COLLEAGUE.



IMPERSONATES ABEL FAIVRE'S WELL-KNOWN PICTURE OF A CONCIERGE.



INTRODUCES A YOUNG FAMILY OF HIS FROM AFRICA.



AFFECTIONATELY GRASPS THE HAND OF AN ARTICULATED SKELETON.



IN HIS MONOLOGUE, "LE GRAND FLEGME BRITANNIQUE."

## A. CHRISTMAS NIGHTMARE—ACCORDING TO S. H. SIME.



THE LATE MR. PALENSTEIN: I object to the Jury. It is composed entirely of men with whom I used to have business.



A CHRISTMAS NIGHTMARE—ACCORDING TO LEONARD LINSDELL.



"CAUGHT!"

## A FAVOURITE OF THE MUSICAL-COMEDY STAGE



MISS MILLIE LEGARDE, NOW APPEARING IN "SERGEANT BRUE," AT THE STRAND.

*Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.*



A FAVOURITE OF THE SHAKSPERIAN STAGE.



MISS MARGARET HALSTAN: A NEW STUDY.

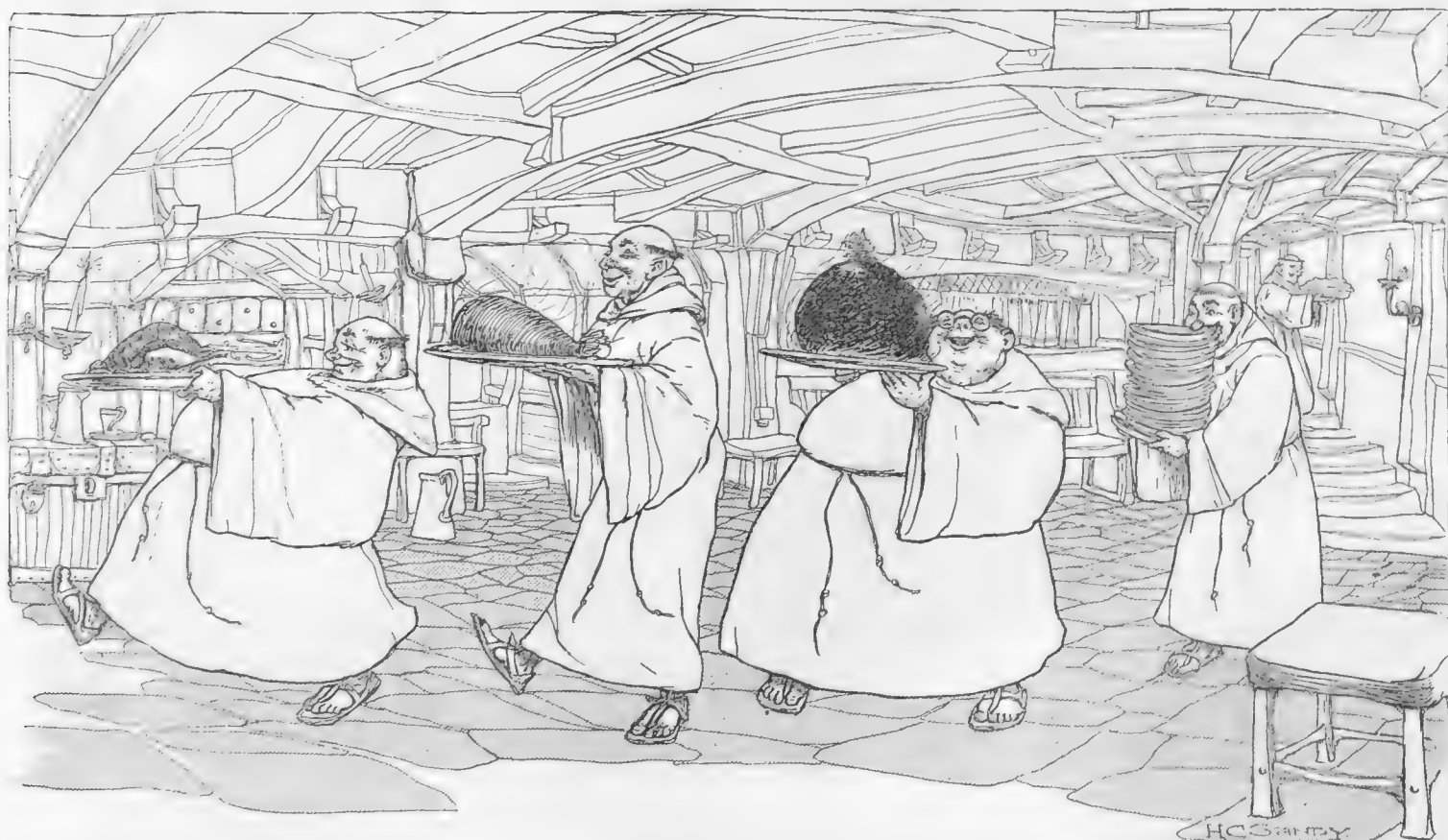
*Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.*

# The Fantastic Side of Things.

Drawn by H. C. Sandy.



"HO, HO! THE PUDDING!"



"TO-MORROW WILL BE FRIDAY."



The Fantastic Side of Things.

Drawn by H. C. Sandy.



'NEATH YE MISTLETOE-BOUGH.



YE WAITS.

## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

RECENT events in the newspaper world alike in London and in the provinces give special interest to the sketch of the New York Press which has just been written by a competent hand. Thirty years ago, the ultimate sovereignty of every newspaper rested under the editor's hat, and it was absolute. A few dominant personalities, prominent among whom were Horace Greeley, Dana, and Godkin, were forces to be reckoned with, and their changing moods were expressed in their journals. Greeley is described as "destitute of any mental training, a creature of emotion, and with a curious, feminine timidity which was appropriately suggested in his high, shrill, squalling voice. He was alternately violent and timorous, and during the Civil War was subject to hot and cold fits in turn." Dana had a special talent for punishing his personal enemies. He did something to reward his friends, but in this he showed less zest. He was clever at sneers, at nicknames which stuck. He revelled in opposition. When there was no chance for a Democrat to be elected, Dana was a Democrat; and when Hancock seemed likely to win, Dana at once came out with that famous sneer of his, to the effect that the Democratic candidate was "a good man, weighing two hundred and fifty pounds," a sneer that was gleefully quoted by every Republican paper in the country. The policy of the *Sun* as edited by Dana was to be freakish, perverse, virulent, but always readable. So long as Dana retained his intellectual vigour the attempt was successful, and he took good care to have the best reporting in the city, paying his "bright young men," as he used to call them, higher salaries than were given by any other paper.

E. L. Godkin, of the *Evening Post* and the *Nation*, deserves a paragraph to himself. Nobody denied his ability, courage, and literary skill. The Letters of J. R. Lowell show how these were valued by the educated; but Godkin could never see any good in those who differed from him. "Let his most cherished protégés swerve one hair's breadth from the true Godkin gospel, and they were damned with bell, book, and candle, sometimes so savagely as to win for them a very general sympathy and support." Even Mr. Cleveland, whom the *Post* had praised and fought for during eight long years—even he once fell from grace; for, as soon as his Venezuelan message had been sent to Congress, Mr. Godkin amiably intimated that it had been written "amid the qualms and retchings that follow a debauch." Another feature of Mr. Godkin's policy was never to make frank and full acknowledgment of an error. In 1896 he accused a certain gentleman of conduct verging upon criminal dishonesty. The person in question at once sent to Mr. Godkin documents to prove that the charge was quite unfounded, and he asked that the *Post* publish a correction of its assertion. This Mr. Godkin utterly refused to do, but magnanimously offered to print any letter which the gentleman might choose to write. Thereupon the *Post* was sued for libel and was compelled to pay heavy damages, and also to print the text of the Court's decision in a conspicuous part of the paper.

All those editors were also apt to make sudden changes of front, with disastrous results to their newspapers. Greeley, after abusing the Democrats for fifteen years, became himself a Democratic candidate, with the result that the subscription-list of the *Tribune* was cut down by some seventy-five per cent., while the advertising fell off woefully. Its stock ceased to pay dividends, and many people were suddenly made poor, among them Bayard Taylor, the poet. Dana suffered in the same way by turning against Cleveland. He vilified him in every way for eight years, and then suddenly came to his support. Nowadays everything is changed. The money kings have secured control of the newspapers. According to the writer I am quoting, there is scarcely one paper in New York that has not been or is not now controlled by some moneyed magnate. The result is that the editor is now only a

salaried employé without any real control of the policy of the paper. The effect is seen in slackened effort and frequent changes of the personnel. Also, the influence of the counting-room increases, and weak papers are specially under it. A leader-writer says that he once wrote an article on the growing popularity of horseback exercise, and had it rejected because he might give offence to the advertisers of bicycles and automobiles. The editor nowadays has some compensation in speculating in stocks. He gets a good deal of first-hand information, and he takes advantage of it. When President McKinley was shot, it was known at once to many that he could not live, yet the newspapers of the country suppressed the truth and kept the nation in suspense and groundless hope until editors and owners alike could protect themselves against the inevitable slump in stocks. It must be remembered that these statements are made by an American, Mr. Richard W. Kemp, in the *New York Bookman*, and probably much might be said on the other side. Mr. Kemp admits that there still remain many newspapers of ability and independence; but he thinks that, as the syndicated type of journalism becomes more prevalent, they are diminishing in numbers, for journalists are losing their own

individuality and their pride in their own calling. This leads to decline in influence. The newspapers supported Mr. Low in the last municipal campaign in New York, but the result of the election showed that they had no power over the public.

Perhaps the most attractive of the Recollections of Princess Catherine Radziwill, published by Messrs. Isbister, are those of Madame de Balzac, the widow of the famous novelist. She was Princess Radziwill's aunt, and, according to her niece, collaborated with Balzac in many of his books. For instance, the novel called "Modeste Mignon" is almost entirely written by her hand. Madame de Balzac long survived her husband, and in her later years never left Paris except to spend the summer in the country. She became very infirm and immensely stout. All traces of the beauty for which she had been renowned in her youth disappeared, but the incomparable charm which had fascinated the illustrious author never left her.—O. O.



NEAR-SIGHTED OLD LADY: And is this another of your ancestors, Mr. Jones?

DRAWN BY C. HARRISON.



## YULE-TIDINGS.

By ARTHUR A. LODGE.

FATHER CHRISTMAS has a cold hand but a warm heart, and I have a strong affection for the old man. It is partly cupboard-love, perhaps, as I have a weakness for turkey and mince-pies; for Christmas Numbers (how I do love the smell of their varnished covers!); for the rollicking pantomime; and, lastly, for the old-fashioned Yuletide party.

How many and varied the things we say, do, think, and eat, while Father Christmas wears his ermine robes and crystal crown, which at other seasons we hardly dream of! With what alacrity we step down from the pedestals on which we have posed and postured during the year, and pull crackers, adorn ourselves with motley caps and bogus jewels, strain our throats with carols and songs of wassail, impair our digestions with home-made wonders (ensuring a dozen happy months at the expense of a terrible night), and, in short, perform a hundred-and-one things in order that we may give ourselves joy or be the cause of joy in others!

Not one of these things would I willingly forego, nor, if I could, would I abolish the trifling mishaps and little impediments which so assist in making Christmas what it is.

I like to see the stately host, when summoned from the table to interview a chance deputation of the District Council or School Committee, go forth forgetful that he is wearing a paper cap with green flappers at the side. It is good also to see the shy young man egged on to reading aloud the particularly fervid motto that always finds its way into his cracker, and to note the facial contortions of the nervous old lady lured on to pulling with ten-year-old Tommy the unprotected explosive clipping which has come out of his bonbon. There is humour, too, in the efforts of Paterfamilias to fix up the ungovernable coloured-plate presented with his Christmas Annual, and which, having been rolled up for a month or more, has come to consider that its proper condition. How emphatically it refuses to display its charms, despite all coaxing and wheedling, curling up with a snap at the first opportunity, and rolling from the mantelpiece in company with a couple of small ornaments, or toppling off the piano and extinguishing the candles. Paterfamilias can add to the humour of the situation by exhibiting along with the unruly picture a certain amount of personal irritability. Having tried it with unflinching non-success at the various points of vantage up and down the room, he will, perhaps, undertake to hold it forth himself for the family inspection, and this is where the real sport begins. If, by subtle hints and stray references to bad position or wrong light, the spectators can get Paterfamilias standing, with his back to a roaring fire, in the strained attitude necessary to keeping the picture flat and taut, the fun takes on a new lease of life.

"Ah, that's better!" says the artistic member of the party; "but

can you hold it just about six inches higher?" Paterfamilias, engrossed in his occupation and perspiring at every pore, attempts this and probably loses his grip of the lower end of the sheet. It curls up like a watch-spring, and, in the excitement of the moment, the old man lets go with his other hand and drops it on the hearth among the cinders. He stoops for it, his temperature rising as he descends, and he lurches forward and has to support his whole weight with his knuckles on the hot tiles; and here it is just as well to change the game before the festivity gets out of bounds.

Christmas cards! Ah, how systematic we are going to be in selecting and preparing them for the post! We are only going to send a few—just to special friends, and the whole thing will be done and the table cleared in twenty minutes. Let us see how it works out in practice.

Paterfamilias looks aside from his evening paper, and smiles with amused superiority. "Well, it is a business," he says, "this sending cards! Personally"—here he has retired behind his paper again—"personally, I neither care about sending nor receiving them."

The younger members of the family go on selecting.

"Have you one for Mr. and Mrs. A., Rosa?" asks Dora; "or needn't we bother with them this year?"

"Oh, yes, send the A.'s a card," says the man behind the paper; "and old Mrs. B.; they always send to us."

"Mother, will you write on yours for Mrs. B.?"

Mother puts on her glasses and picks up a bad pen. She also gets hold of the wrong card.

"I don't think this is quite suitable," she says. "Isn't it rather too—"

"Oh, not that one, mother—that's Bobby's. This is yours, see."

Mother is dubious even yet, and selects another, but, as it is one specially set aside for somebody else, she is not allowed to have it. She expostulates a little, but finally takes the one chosen for her and gets to work upon it with her broken nib. She makes a "splurt," and this brings out the man from behind the newspaper. He has a good many suggestions and items of general advice to offer, and he offers them, and about an hour later, when the maid enters to lay the cloth for supper, the whole family is up to the elbows in Christmas cards; the list of people on no account to be overlooked has extended itself from a dozen names to thirty-five, and there are nothing like sufficient cards or envelopes to go round.

In conclusion, I should like to mention another Christmas necessary—the mistletoe—but my article is getting too long. Subjects, too, with which the reader is better acquainted than the writer are perhaps as well left untouched upon, so, with his permission, my compliments, and those of the season, I will make a valedictory bow and withdraw.

## A SURPRISE.

By P. TREHERNE.

IN spite of the undoubted Meredithian charm contained in its pages, 'Bathsheba' has been a disappointment," said Mr. Parkstone. "It has hung fire, and, once a book hangs fire, all the advertisement in the world will scarcely rouse the book-buying public. The success of your last, Mr. Crosby, was overwhelming; it took the public by surprise, and you need not despair."

"I've no intention of despairing," replied Mr. Crosby. "I mean to see this thing through. I think I shall be able to revive the sale before the end of the week—I mean to surprise them again."

The publisher smiled indulgently. "That's the proper spirit; in these days a man must keep his name before the public. Now, suppose you were missing—somewhere in the Welsh mountains—for a few weeks; or you might bring an action against one of the reviewers. A missing author would ensure columns of 'copy,' but an action for libel would, perhaps, be simpler."

"All the reviews," remarked Crosby, "were excellent. I've nothing to grumble about as regards the critics and no grounds for a libel action."

"You might contest an election," suggested Parkstone, "and announce your intention of doing so in the Press. If you have played cricket, I should take it up again. There are possibilities in a motor or a flying-machine."

"No," said the author, firmly; "no; I've made up my mind on the subject. All that kind of thing is done to death—played out, in fact. I have a new idea—there's a small fortune in it."

"Something new," exclaimed Parkstone, "in advertisement?"

Crosby nodded. "Absurdly new, and some day, perhaps, I'll let you into the secret."

Then he wished his publisher good-morning, returned to his rooms, and commenced his advertising scheme.

For the space of a week he sent typed post-cards to many of those whose names are included in the "Court Directory." Dwellers in Mayfair and Belgravia, Bayswater and Bloomsbury, received these

mysterious cards bearing the announcement "Buy Crosby's new novel, 'Bathsheba'—you are libelled in it."

It was sultry and overcrowded in Mr. Justice Baynes's Court. After two days, the case of Colonel Martlet v. Parkstone drew to a close, and counsel for the plaintiff reached his peroration. "It is true," he exclaimed, "that the principal witness in this action has taken the responsibility on his own shoulders; he has stated in the witness-box that the base caricature of a military man was entirely a creature of his own imagination. But we have proof that Colonel Martlet received a post-card of the anonymous description informing him of the libel. The Colonel bought and read the book, *his family* read it, and they decided that one of the characters (a most grotesque personage) was intended for the Colonel. The Jury have read the book, and it is for them to decide whether the libel is one that justifies exemplary damages for the plaintiff."

Counsel for the plaintiff resumed his seat amidst subdued applause, and, after a short, unconvincing reply from counsel for the defendant, the Judge, with many yawns, mumbled a few directions to the Jury.

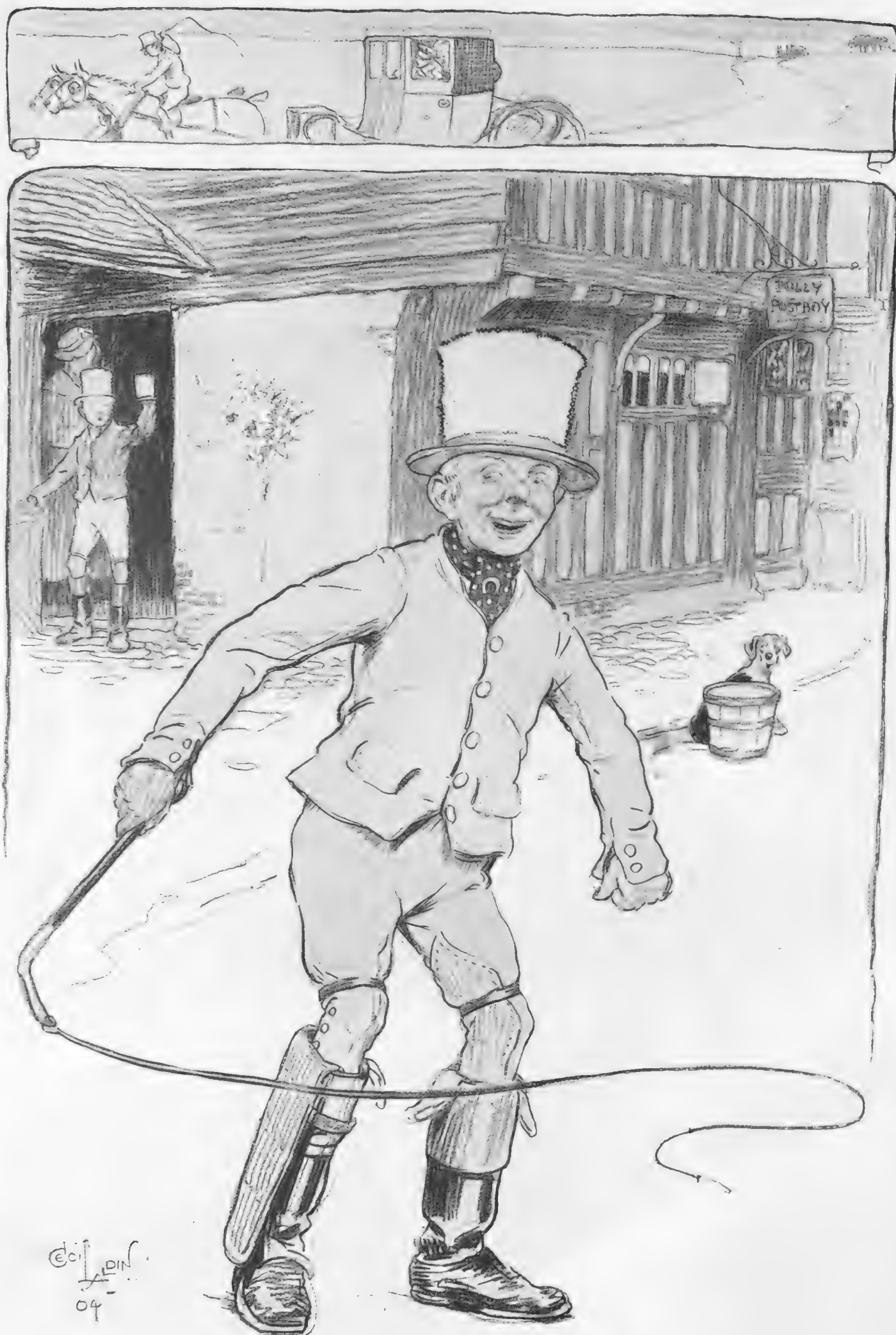
They remained out of Court for half-an-hour and returned with a verdict for the plaintiff and damages at two thousand pounds.

"I heartily agree with your verdict," said Mr. Justice Baynes; "it is a warning to publishers to avoid such scandalous publications. I myself received a post-card, but I never pay attention to anonymous communications and never read trashy novels. Judgment for the plaintiff accordingly, with costs, the book to be withdrawn from circulation."

Parkstone and Crosby left the Court together. When they reached the corner of Chancery Lane, the latter said—

"I suppose you'll appeal? The verdict was a surprise."

"No," replied Parkstone; "this advertisement has gone far enough. It may be a surprise, but it is a failure," and he walked away, muttering to himself.

*Bygone Sportsmen. By Cecil Aldin.*

Cecil Aldin.  
04



*Advertisements Illustrated. By Dudley Hardy.*



II.

"SMART YOUNG MAN DESIRES SITUATION AS CARE-TAKER OR ANY POSITION OF TRUST. QUICK AND USED TO HARD WORK. SEVEN YEARS IN LAST PLACE."

*"Mother's Darling." Drawn by John Hassall.*



"OPEN YER MOUTH, SHUT YER EYES, AN' SEE WOT SOMEONE 'LL SEND YER."



## A NOVEL

IN

A NUTSHELL.

## A MAN IN A THOUSAND.

BY

CHARLES IDDY.



TALBOT GREENHOUGH did not like popular single men. The bachelor on the hunt for a wife—anybody's wife—was an abomination to him, for Mrs. Greenhough was pretty and responsive. But, after a few preliminary sniffs, he took a fancy to Hubert Melville.

They were staying in the same hotel at Dinard, a resort, as everybody knows, of people who wish to think themselves in Society but who know they are not. Talbot Greenhough, one of the diminishing army of contented stay-at-homes, did not want Society, but his wife did.

Mrs. Greenhough, in addition to being pretty, was omnivorous, and hungered for all the available men to dance attendance upon her. She had, however, failed to extract any special sign of interest from Hubert Melville, who, though pleasant enough when chance threw them together, did not appear to draw any distinction between her and other women. This annoyed her, but it pleased her husband.

"He seems quite a decent chap," Greenhough remarked to his wife in the conservatory where everybody foregathered after dinner.

"Who?" said she.

"Melville."

"Which is Mr. Melville?" she asked, coldly. "I always forget."

Greenhough pointed him out, although aware that there was no necessity. He knew most of the lady's little tricks, but he reserved his knowledge. Presently, when as many males as could be spared had gathered round Mrs. Greenhough, Talbot walked over to Melville, who was momentarily isolated.

"Been a nice day," said he. "What have you been doing? Tennis or golf?"

"Well," said Melville, breaking into a pleasant smile, which lit up his grave, pale face, "I ought to be ashamed of myself, but I've been reading a book."

"Novel?" asked Greenhough, tolerantly.

"No," said Melville, looking quite sheepish, "it's a new book on fly-fishing."

"Ah!" said the other, becoming interested. He was an ardent votary of the rod, and the two plunged into a discussion which lasted until they were forcibly dragged to the Casino to back little horses at unfair odds.

Hubert Melville became daily more popular. He was ready to take part in anything, but never put himself forward. He seemed to be one of those curious beings—a modest man who was not shy. His bearing towards women was unique, for he apparently did not discriminate between young or old, pretty or plain, and he made himself as agreeable to Mrs. Taylor, who was angular and over forty, as to Mrs. Greenhough or any of the self-recognised beauties.

He was soon so much in demand that no function was complete without him, and the competition to secure his attendance added zest to everybody's holiday. He was, however, loyal to those who asked him first, and no attractions, however vivid to the offerer, could induce him to throw over a prior engagement.

He was voted to be a dear and as nearly perfect as it was possible for a man to be. He could enter into the sports of the young, the bridge of the middle-aged, the reminiscences of the old. His interesting face, his dark, wavy hair, his almost military carriage, his perfect clothes, his irresistible smile, provided a popular theme for each little coterie. His age was apparently between thirty and forty; but he made no effort to appear young, and he conveyed the notion that his careful grooming was merely a matter of habit. In fact, he was a charming fellow.

When, at length, a telegram summoned him away to Scotland, there was general mourning; but before he went he promised Talbot Greenhough, to whom he had somehow conveyed the belief that he felt particularly drawn, that he would pay a visit to his Hampshire house.

"I don't know that I can offer you much," said Greenhough; "but there is some shooting, and a useful stream."

"I shall be delighted to come," said Melville, and everybody saw him off by the steamer.

Mrs. Talbot Greenhough had not ceased to dart her dangerous glances in his direction, and, although he had not come to her feet, she discerned an occasional repressed longing in his eye which prevented her from feeling vexed with him.

Nevertheless, she received the intelligence that he was to visit Craysham with coldness, which confirmed Greenhough in his view that he was a man in a thousand. When the time came to return home, a time which the lady postponed as long as possible—for dances, suppers, and moon-

light were very pleasing to her—Greenhough remembered the promise. They spent a couple of nights in their London house, for his wife wanted perfumes and other necessities, and then they travelled down to Craysham, which was a comfortable house with extensive grounds.

"I suppose we are going to be bored to death," said Ella Greenhough on the journey; but she was often peevish when alone with her husband.

"Won't Bertie Dallas come?" asked Talbot, with a grin.

"I wish you wouldn't be vulgar," said his wife.

"Well, there are plenty of fish in the sea," said he, philosophically.

"And there are plenty of bears on the land," rejoined Ella.

"Yes," said he; "but, after all, you must have a husband."

"I can't think why a woman marries any stupid man!" said Mrs. Greenhough, viciously. She was looking out of the window at the fields, and she hated the country.

"The sensible ones won't have her," said Talbot, with a chuckle.

"What makes you so clever to-day?" she asked.

"I'm not clever—I'm happy," said he.

"And what on earth makes you happy?"

"I can smell the country."

"Horrible!" said she, with a shudder. "Do shut the window!" Then she glanced at his good-natured, easy-going face, and his big shoulders, and smiled grudgingly. She liked flirting, but she was really fond of her husband in a selfish way, and if she were not married to him she knew she would want to be.

"You're a great big horrid bear!" said she.

"Does that mean you want a hug?" he asked.

"Really, Talbot, you ought to have married a housemaid!" She pouted and looked displeased.

He grinned, for he understood most of her caprices, and buried himself in a newspaper.

Hubert Melville was invited for ten days, and his letter of acceptance duly arrived, bearing a Yorkshire post-mark. A week before the time, he wrote from Norfolk, giving no particular address, to say that he was sorry, but found he would only be able to stop for five days, and asked if he should postpone his visit.

"Why doesn't he say where he is?" said Talbot. "I've only got his town address."

"Don't bother me about him," said Mrs. Greenhough.

An intimation was sent that he would be welcome for the reduced period; but, on the eve of the Saturday on which he was due, a telegram with a prepaid reply was received from a Leicestershire town, stating that he could only stop until the Monday, owing to pressing engagements, and asking if he should, therefore, come.

"He is evidently in great demand," said Talbot to his wife.

"He evidently doesn't know his own mind," she retorted.

"You don't like him."

"I am only allowed to like one man."

"Oh! Who's that?" asked her husband, with sham irony.

"A noble creature," said she, "who ought to have been an ostler or a ploughboy and who shuns civilised society."

"That's not a good description of Bertie Dallas," said Talbot.

"Do run away," beseeched his wife; "it isn't your feeding-time."

Greenhough wired that they would be delighted to see him, and Melville arrived in the late afternoon. He greeted his host with a reserved friendliness, apologised to his hostess for his unavoidable rudeness, and fitted calmly into his place among the other guests. He played bridge excellently well after dinner, and on Sunday morning

went to church with Talbot, who held views on the duties of his position in such matters. After lunch, Melville explained that, if they could put up with him for an extra two days, he found that he could stay.

"Stop with us just as long as ever you can," said his host, warmly; for he had a feeling that the man was pleased with his companionship, and was proportionately flattered.

"Thought he'd be bored, and finds he isn't," was Talbot's comment to himself, and he talked horses, guns, and gardening with increased gusto.

Hubert Melville knew a lot about these things, but they by no means exhausted his attainments. He came out as an authority on investments—first, on landed property and houses, then stocks, and, finally, mining shares.

It was evident that many tit-bits of information came his way; but he admitted that he had been bitten before and was very careful. Nevertheless, it presently appeared that he was smitten with the prospects of a certain Egyptian mine that had been rudely worked by the Pharaohs and which had just been acquired by a very select syndicate, headed by Berghammer, the eminent banker. He had only managed to get a few shares himself, and he wished he had more.

Late at night, after he had won some pounds at bridge, he told his host that he thought he might get him a few of the Egyptian shares if he would like to have them.

"I think it's as safe as such things can be," he said, in his cautious manner.

"My dear fellow, I never speculate," said Greenhough; "but thank you very much, all the same."

Melville looked at him with friendly admiration in his thoughtful eyes.

"I admire you for that," said he; "but I should have liked to do you a turn."

Talbot thanked him again, but showed no sign of abandoning his attitude, and Melville, after a few words about the general trickiness of the usual run of City men, went to bed. He said nothing more about going when his two days were up. He did not even apologise for his change of plan, and Talbot Greenhough was glad that he did not. He liked the man, and assured his wife again that he was one in a thousand.

Mrs. Greenhough smiled, but did not sneer, and it was soon evident that she had worked behind their guest's reserve and had at length impressed him with the superiority of her personal charms. Indeed, Melville began to show a preference for her society which at first surprised and then nettled her husband.

"Why can't you let that fellow alone?" he complained, testily.

"You are surely not jealous of your paragon?" observed Ella Greenhough.

"Don't be absurd!" said he.

"Shall I tell him not to come out driving with me?" She looked at her husband in an aggravating way.

"Of course, he must go if you ask him," growled Talbot; "but I know he doesn't like it."

At breakfast the next morning the lady put the matter to the test.

"Mr. Melville," said she, "I am driving to Dumpton, and Talbot is going to fish. Will you come with me or will you go with him? Please do whichever you like. Really."

"I will come with you if I may," said he, with a grave smile, and his manner conveyed that he meant it.

Greenhough scowled as his wife surveyed him in triumph.

Hubert Melville talked about the Egyptian mine to the Vicar when he called, and to one or two other people who were staying in the house, and every night he played bridge and was quite lucky. He showed a growing disposition to stroll out on the balcony with Mrs. Greenhough after dinner, and it was evident that she had completed her conquest.

Talbot grew serious, and at length irritable, chafing under the humiliating neglect with which his guest now treated him. The visit had been prolonged to a couple of weeks, and Greenhough was thinking how he could convey a hint that his bedroom was wanted, when Melville happily announced that he would have to depart on the following day. Talbot said nothing to dissuade him, and that evening his guest and his wife prolonged their sojourn on the balcony until he fetched them in with some brusqueness.

"I've lost over thirty pounds at bridge to that fellow since he's been here," he said, crossly, to Ella at night.

"I suppose he plays better than you do," she replied.

"You think anybody's better than I am!" he suddenly blazed out.

"I think nobody is worse-tempered," she replied; but the pale face and melancholy sadness of Hubert Melville had warmed her vanity.

Greenhough drove "the man"—as he had now become in his mind—to the station, and bade him a grumpy good-bye. That evening it came out that the Vicar and a Mrs. Fielder had entrusted him with their cheques to buy shares in the Egyptian mine, and Talbot Greenhough was very angry; but he was still more angry

when, at the end of a week, he found that Ella had supplied two hundred pounds of her own for the same purpose.

"You're a fool!" he declared, and his wife, who now wanted the money for other things, did not contradict.

"Has he sent you the shares?" he demanded, when he had finished his other remarks.

"No," said she, meekly; "but he said he would."

Talbot wrote a stiff letter to his late guest, in which he dealt with the two hundred pounds as though the money had been obtained from him, and inquired why the certificate of shares had not arrived.

He received a friendly reply, telling him that there was some sort of a trifling hitch somewhere, but that the writer hoped that it would be all right before long.

"See this?" said he, grimly, handing it to his wife.

"Well, he says it will be all right," she replied, humbly. "But I'm very sorry, old man."

"Humph!" said he. "So's the Vicar sorry, and so's that Mrs. Fielder. And the worst of it is, it's happened under my roof!"

"You would have him here," said Ella, plucking up courage. "You said he was a man in a thousand. You ought to have warned me that he wasn't."

Whereupon her husband slammed a door and broke his finger-nail, and looked as if he would like to murder somebody.

Talbot Greenhough dropped into his London Club two months later. He found a couple of friends in the smoking-room, and joined them in—but what takes place in a Club is sacred. He had not been there many minutes before he saw Hubert Melville walk in with another member. Greenhough fixed him with his eye, but Melville's pale face was quite unmoved. While Talbot was hesitating as to what he should do, Melville shook hands with the man he was with, evidently bidding adieu, and walked straight across the room to him.

"How do you do?" said he, and he had the same smile and quiet voice. He made no attempt to put out his hand. Greenhough stared, and felt stupidly confused. Melville bent down towards him and spoke in lowered tones, which were, however, quite audible to the other men.

"About that two hundred pounds," said he.

"Well?" said Greenhough.

"Don't let it worry you."

Talbot Greenhough stared at him.

"There's no hurry. Let me have it just when it's convenient." He looked quite kind as he spoke.

"What?" said Greenhough, unable to believe his ears.

But Hubert Melville, with a farewell nod, had already withdrawn and was walking to the door.

"Well, of all the——!" began Talbot, and looked at his companions, who were regarding him with blank expressions. He made a half-jump from his chair, but Melville had passed out. Then he looked again at the two men. "Did you hear what he said?" he asked.

One of them permitted himself to smile. "Yes," said he; "I happen to know the fellow. Neat, wasn't it? I suppose he owes it to you?"

"Damn!" said Greenhough, feeling very annoyed.

"Yes," said the other man; "he won too often at cards. I suppose Tompkins didn't know it, or he wouldn't have brought him in."

"But he gets invited about a lot."

"Ah! You've had letters from different parts of the country?"

"Yes."

"An old dodge of his. Easily managed and effective."

"He told me he was a member of the Carlton," said Talbot, ruefully.

"He meant the Restaurant," said his friend.

"I shall prosecute him," declared the irate Greenhough; but, when he thought it over in his calmer moments, he decided that it behoved him as a husband not to make the matter public. However, he did an equally foolish thing. He wrote a letter threatening to prosecute if the money were not returned, to which he received a reply from Melville requesting him to tell Mrs. Greenhough that the money she had lent him was all right, and adding, with irritating irony, that "he hoped to make a good profit out of it."

Talbot raved and stamped; nor was he inclined to take a milder view of the case when the Vicar passed him with marked coldness and Mrs. Fielder stopped calling on his wife.

"That scoundrel managed to do mischief enough in a fortnight," he remarked, bitterly, to Ella.

"What a man in a thousand!" she rejoined; but she was not at all magnanimous.

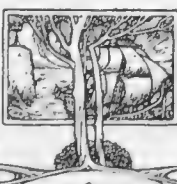
"He was a swindling rascal!" said he.

"It is, perhaps, as well," said Ella, "that there are not more like him—in a thousand."

Then she stuffed her fingers in her ears to shut out the violent truths which roared from her husband's lips.



THE



END.







# HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



THE most magnificent New Year's present which the playgoing public will receive is the rebuilt and redecorated Haymarket Theatre, which will open its doors on the first working-day of the New Year. Mr. Frederick Harrison has spent over twenty thousand pounds on it, and it is everywhere conceded that he has spent it well. The rebuilding of a theatre so full of historic interest is something on which Mr. Harrison may well congratulate himself, apart from the fact, on which all playgoers will congratulate him, that the enterprise which is so nearly finished has been carried out in the most thorough manner. Onerous as are the conditions of the London County Council, Mr. Harrison has not satisfied himself by merely satisfying these. He set himself an ideal for the comfort no less than the convenience and safety of his patrons, and has carried it out with the professional assistance of Mr. Charles Stanley Peach, an architect whose name has not hitherto been associated with theatres, though his work is well known in London through the many great electric-lighting stations built by him in recent years.

Mr. Peach's task has been considerably more difficult than the mere building of a theatre would have been. He has had to preserve the framework of the building, while improving the means of entrance and egress, &c., whereas, in the ordinary way, when building on an unused plot of land, the architect has nothing to hamper his design.

In spite of the fact that the special train leaves at nine o'clock on Saturday morning next, a large crowd of friends and well-wishers is sure to gather at Waterloo Station in order to say good-bye to Mr. Forbes-Robertson, who is that day leaving for New York on the American Line steamer *Philadelphia*. Mr. Forbes-Robertson will be accompanied by all the members of his Company, including Miss Kate Rorke and Miss Madge McIntosh, Mr. Ian Robertson, Mr. Quartermain, and Mr. Ernest Cosham, who have been associated with him for several years, as well as Mr. Frank Gilmour. Mr. Forbes-Robertson also takes with him all the scenery and dresses for the production of Mr. H. V. Esmond's "Love and the Man," which he will produce on Jan. 9 in Toronto and open with in New York on the following Monday (16th). In America Mr. Forbes-Robertson will act until towards the end of April or the beginning of May, when he will return to London. His admirers in this country, however, will have no opportunity of seeing him on the stage until September next year.

At the beginning of the New Year, Mr. Hayden Coffin will temporarily retire from the cast of "The Cingalee," in order to take up the character of Florestan in "Véronique," at the Apollo. The association of the acknowledged head of the lyrical artists of the lighter operatic stage with the work of M. Messenger is additionally interesting for the reason that its original production in London owed not a little to his influence. Further, it has been generally understood that it was the desire of M. Messenger that Mr. Hayden Coffin should sustain the part of the hero, about to be relinquished by Mr. Lawrence Rea, who is going to America with "The Duchess of Dantzic," as he is so eminently qualified, physically, vocally, and artistically, to fill it.

Before that happens, however, Mr. Hayden Coffin will on Boxing Day celebrate an interesting event in his career. This will be the twentieth anniversary of what was to have been his first appearance on the stage. His actual début was, however, made about a fortnight later at the Empire, which was then, it need hardly be said, a regular and not a variety house. By walking only a few steps from Daly's Mr. Coffin will be able to reach the stage-door of the Empire and re-create in memory the events of that, to him, most memorable evening when, as a very nervous youth, he entered the theatre to become at a bound the first baritone of the comic-opera stage, a position from which no one has yet succeeded in ousting him. When he leaves Daly's his part will be sustained by Mr. Gordon Cleather.

"The new Marie Tempest of the comic-opera stage" is the title which has in some quarters been bestowed on Miss Marie Dainton as a result of her performance in "Peggy Machree," the new musical play, by Messrs. Patrick Bidwell and Michele Esposito, which Mr. Charles E. Hamilton will produce at Wyndham's Theatre on the evening of Boxing Day. London audiences have applauded Miss Dainton's gifts in musical comedy as provincial playgoers have in pantomime, but Peggy, who is distinguished by the fact that her representative is not called upon to imitate the voice and manner of other players, has outdistanced everything Miss Dainton has done and marks her approach to what in America is called "stellar honours."

The enthusiasts of the Elizabethan drama can surely not complain of managerial neglect when three West-End theatres rely on such works for the public patronage, even excluding the Mermaid Society's plays at the Royalty, for they have not been wholly Elizabethan. Kit Marlowe has been holding the stage of Terry's with "Dr. Faustus," where also "The Comedy of Errors" has been given, and Shakspeare is running at His Majesty's and the Adelphi. As soon as "The Tempest" is withdrawn, Mr. Tree, as everybody knows, will substitute "Much Ado About Nothing"; while Mr. Lewis Waller, remembering the great favour shown to his revival of "Henry V.," at the Lyceum, until Queen Victoria's death threw the nation into mourning and put a damper on all theatre business, will revive that play at the Imperial, and follow it with "Romeo and Juliet," in which he will be seen in the male title-part and Miss Evelyn Millard will act the female one. Miss Millard will thus have the opportunity of appearing in what has always been understood to be one of her favourite characters.

Mr. Davy Burnaby is a clever comedian who began his theatrical career some years ago at Cambridge. Later on, having decided to go into the profession, he joined Mrs. Langtry and played Constant in "Mademoiselle Mars," afterwards going with Mrs. Langtry's Company on an American tour, during which he played Lord Scarlett in "The Crossways" and Mr. Foster in "Mrs. Deering's Divorce." In "The Flood-tide," at Drury Lane, Mr. Burnaby played the part of Roderick O'Griff, and he is now playing Guy Scrymgeour in "The Orchid" with Mr. George Dance's Touring Company.



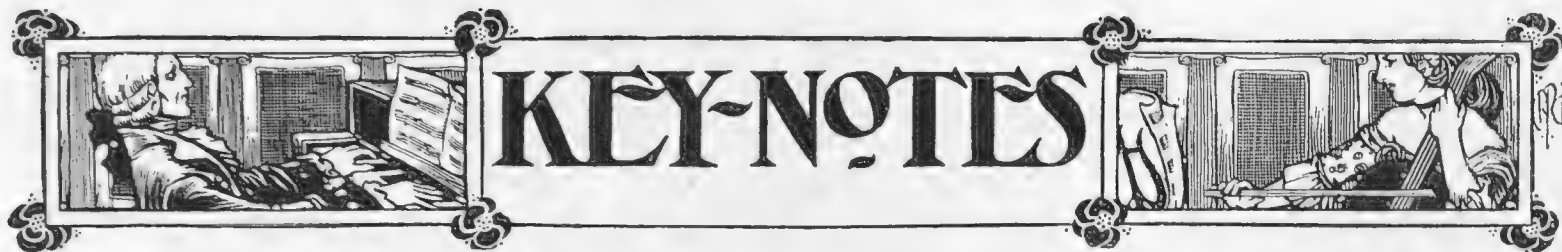
MR. DAVY BURNABY  
AS GUY SCRYMGEOUR IN "THE ORCHID,"  
ON TOUR.

Photograph by White and Son, Ipswich.



MISS ENID LEONHARDT, PLAYING IN "VÉRONIQUE" AT  
THE APOLLO.

Photograph by Hutchinson and Svendsen.



VICTOR MAUREL surely is one of the most wonderful artists that the vocal world has ever seen. One somewhat timorously expressed that opinion when he came to us some dozen years ago. In those days he took many parts most suited to his temperament and to his learning; one says "learning" very definitely because there is no doubt about it that a great deal of Maurel's art depends not so much upon the purity of his voice, but rather upon the peculiar way in which he unites the histrionic art with the vocal art. The manner of union—that is to say, the exact proportion in which at one time he lets his voice to the furtherance of drama, and at another time lets it to the fervour of the music—proves how careful he is in the subtle demonstration of his expository ideas. To see Maurel, for example, in Verdi's "Otello," gliding along the stage, and at the same time guiding his own movements, so that, as one may say, there are two men united together and making up a single part, contributes to create a contribution to the art of villainy such as has only been equalled possibly by Sir Henry Irving in "The Lyons Mail." Yet, though the double character in "The Lyons Mail" was so subtly distinguished by Sir Henry Irving, he, at all events, had some background for his action; but Iago is the villain pure and simple, and the creation of different atmospheres whereby he sounds almost virtuous, not, of course, to the audience, but to the stage people with whom he is chaffing, and, again, vicious to other of those people, is a most magnificent piece of actual acting.

Come we now to the music. In his old age Verdi never created so evilly subtle a part as that of Iago. No doubt Boito brought much influence to bear upon the great Shakspeare of the Italian stage, and described to him the meaning of the character which he had so wonderfully drawn. Who shall delve into such a mind as that of Verdi, who instantly appreciated the whole situation, and, like a bolt from the blue, created the character in all its malignity, its persuasiveness, its extraordinary Neapolitan wickedness on the moment, and handed to us Iago, fresh from the harvest of Shakspeare and embodied in Victor Maurel? Europe had been for long waiting for a new masterpiece from Verdi; it was the general comment among educated circles that "Aïda," not to say



MISS MARGARET THOMAS, A YOUNG SINGER  
OF EXCEPTIONAL PROMISE

*Photograph by the Biograph Studio, Regent Street, W.*

influence which keeps people from overdoing a certain aspect of musical art. I remember very well years ago, when Sir Augustus Harris was running a sort of off-season, that, on one occasion, "Le Nozze di Figaro" was presented to the public. I overheard a youth saying to a lady who was seated next to him in the gallery some enthusiastic remarks about our poor Mozart. "Ah!" she replied, in a rather melancholy strain, "but don't you think that Mozart is now a little *passé*?" The youth seemed a little hurt, but was half-inclined to be persuaded.

Miss Dorothy Ridley on the 13th inst. gave her first vocal recital at the Bechstein Hall, under the direction of Miss Alice Joseph. Miss Ridley was peculiarly happy in her choice of songs, which were not modern ballads, but which were carefully selected from the seventeenth century onwards, and therefore were examples of many styles of which the modern style is by no means the best. In fact, we know nothing quite so bad as the modern style of song-writing, speaking of it in an ordinary way. Of course, men like Tosti and Cowen, with a few others, know how to write in that impressed spirit which is the essence of the song, so that one may say that a drama is compassed within a shell; but the ordinary ballad is really not a thing of beauty or a joy for ever—it lives its day and has its day, quite in the fashion of human things. Miss Ridley, however, was not content with this kind of music, and where she sang the better sort she was invariably interesting. Mr. Robert Maitland sang a Tschaïkowsky with all the monotony which Tschaïkowsky seemed obviously to desire in this particular composition. Miss Irene Penso played a seventeenth-century "Aria" by Tanaglia with very great success indeed; she has an extraordinarily fine musical temperament, and, more, she has also exceeding great skill with her own instrument. Miss Evelyn Stuart was also associated with the concert, and played with all that grace and delicacy with which one associates COMMON CHORD.

Miss Margaret Thomas is one of the many promising young singers who hail from the "Land of Song," for she is a native of Newquay. Acting on the advice of some musical friends, Miss Thomas

came to London some five years ago and entered the Royal Academy of Music as a pupil, studying at first under Mr. Fred Walker and, later, with Signor Randegger. Miss Thomas gave her first concert at St. James's Hall in April of this year, under the patronage of the Princess of Wales, and has since sung at the Queen's Hall Promenade Concerts and many others in town and the provinces, besides fulfilling several engagements on the Continent. Early in January she sails for Australia for a tour with Miss Parkina and Messrs. Whitworth Mitton, Arnold Foldes, and Victor Marmont, but she returns to London in May next in order to fulfil some important engagements.



MISS ELIZABETH PARKINA, NOW APPEARING  
AT THE QUEEN'S HALL BALLAD CONCERTS.

*Photograph by Dassano, Old Bond Street, W.*

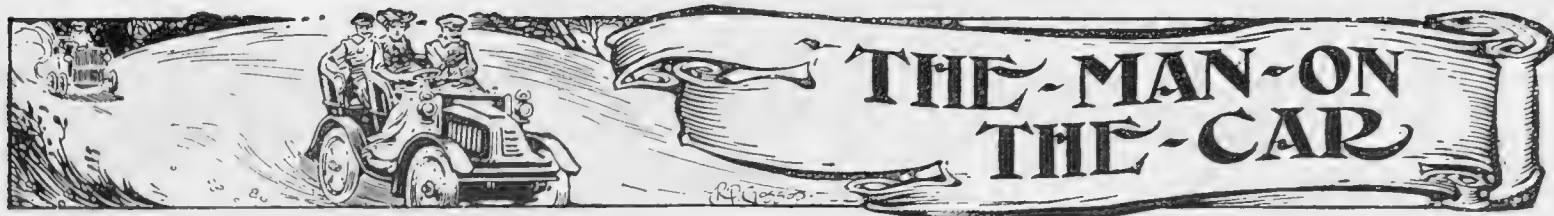


MISS IONA ROBERTSON, THE POPULAR  
SCOTTISH MEZZO-SOPRANO.

*Photograph by Dassano, Old Bond Street, W.*

"La Traviata," had practically completed the great musician's career. Then, when, with all his forces ready, he brought "Otello" before us, there was "a silence for a time" in the world of art. Now, Maurel has just during these past days given us the exact representation of Iago as he conceived it under the conception of Verdi, and he has once more persuaded us of the greatness of the master under whom he learnt. It is good that the Wagnerian movement should continue to make itself important by leaps and bounds; but it is good also to recollect that in Verdi, as an artist of these later days, who defied life as long as Wagner, there is a counter





*The French Show—Traps—Primary Current—In the New Forest—Dangerous Roads—The Ladies.*

FROM all reports, it would appear that the visitor to the Salon des Automobiles who goes there in the hope of selecting a small car will find himself disappointed. The exhibits of small single-cylinder cars are reduced to those of two or three makers whose productions can be inspected at less cost and in greater comfort on this side of the Channel. Indeed, one of the most remarkable and taking small cars in the Show is said to be the new single vertical-cylinder Wolseley, which, with the De Dions and the Bayards and a car or two by the less-known French makers, are all that the Exhibition has to present to the would-be purchaser of a small car. It seems to me that in the relinquishment of the small car by the French constructor a wide opportunity offers to the English maker. Small cars are in increasing demand, and home productions must be called upon to satisfy the public requirements. Even the people who were the first to show the great possibilities of the small car are now ceasing its manufacture. I mean the well-known firm of Renault. With a rapidly increasing army of manufacturers, the end of the market for expensive four-cylinder cars must shortly arrive; but, as automobilism extends its influence, the number of good small cars at a reasonable price is likely to extend indefinitely. There seems here a big chance for the British maker.

According to the views of the Barnet Bench, it would appear that if you prevent people from breaking the law you are obstructing the police in the performance of their duty. A little while ago, a motor-cyclist, having been caught in a police-trap at Barnet, noticed the same men similarly posted awaiting prey at a subsequent date. Accordingly, he rode slowly through the trap, verified his suspicions, and, turning back, most humanely devoted much time to warning oncoming automobilists of the fate that awaited them if they did not proceed with the utmost care. By his efforts, no less than thirty motorists were duly warned of the trap and acted accordingly. Foiled of what they regarded as their legitimate prey, the police, thirsting for vengeance, actually took out a summons against the motor-cyclist who had prevented so many people from inadvertently breaking the law, on the ground that he had obstructed them in the performance of their duties. And the Barnet Bench imposed a fine of two pounds, thus showing incontestably that not only the police but the magistrates particularly desire that the law shall be broken, and that preventing anyone from so doing is not to render the State—or, let us say, the Borough Council funds—any service. Surely some further steps will be taken in this outrageous conclusion by the Motor Union.

Ignition by accumulators and high-tension coils in the case of multi-cylinder engines is giving way to the production of the necessary primary current by a rotating magneto, the excitation of a single trembler coil, and the passage of the high-tension current so produced to the respective cylinders through a rotating distributor, acting in concert and with lap and lead of a primary contact-maker. The idea of getting rid of the messiness of accumulators, the nuisance of charging them, the sulphating of their terminals, their shorting and all the troubles to which they are heirs, is likely to be enthusiastically welcomed by the motorist who is his own driver and mechanic. But I would bid him wait a while and suffer the ills he knows rather than fly too hurriedly to those he knows not of. High-tension magneto-ignition has been successful enough, perhaps, in the hands of the few, but that is not to say that it will prove so in the case of the many. With good accumulators and good insulation, the troubles likely to assail the motorist can be diagnosed, grappled with, and overcome on the road; but this is not altogether the case with magneto high-tension. I am far, indeed, from an endeavour to discourage the use

of it, but should like to hear more of its behaviour in the hands of the multitude before I express any opinion.

Motorists are gravely warned of the dangers they run in driving at speed in the dark along the roads that thread the New Forest. Several cases of commonable animals being run down lately in the demesne while lawfully "depasturing" have reached the ears of the Official Verderer and the Verderers of the New Forest sitting in their Court of Swainmote and Attachment, and this venerable Court has instructed its Clerk, Mr. Montague Chandler, to make known the trouble to the Automobile Club and thereby to the motor world in general. From the official communication made, it appears that "certain commonable animals, while lawfully depasturing within the perambulation of the New Forest, do most rightly cross and recross the Forest roads after dark, and do thereby imperil, and are imperilled by, motorists driving at speed." So this quaintly worded epistle issues to the Club with the hope that the "commonable animals lawfully depasturing" may have the consideration of automobilists. No word of penalty or punishment is mooted, perhaps because the powers possessed by the above tribunal are so dread and mystic that they may not be recited. Of course, we can all understand "attachment," but what must bid all pause is the fear of being "Swainmoted."



THE NEW AUTO-TELEGRAPH CAR FOR THE USE OF THE SIGNAL CORPS IN THE UNITED STATES ARMY.

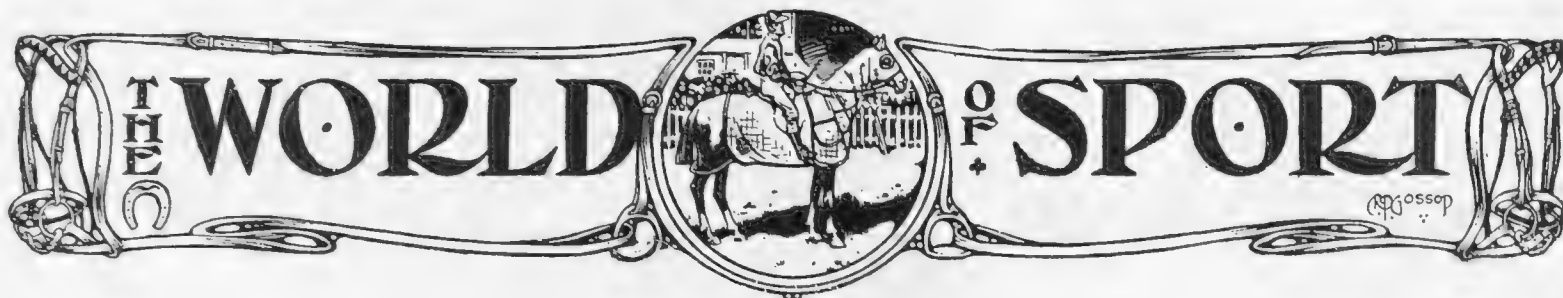
*Photograph by Waldon Fawcett, Washington.*

Readers of *The Sketch* who can by hook or by crook bring pressure to bear upon local bodies dealing or likely to deal with tram-car schemes should, if nothing else, impress upon the members of such bodies the iniquity of acquiescing in any scheme which contemplates the planting of standards in the centre of roads, however wide. All the advantage of a wide road is at once discounted and thrown away if a central line of standards is permitted. Also, it must be remembered that, once the standards are set up, nothing but another Act of Parliament can get

them down again, no matter how inconvenient and how dangerous they are seen to be. If an object-lesson in the fatuous short-sightedness of a local body in this particular is required, I commend a trip per car down that portion of the Uxbridge Road lying between Ealing Broadway and Hanwell. During the busy hours of the day, and particularly when roads are greasy, it is the most dangerous bit of driving anywhere in suburban London.

The Ladies' Automobile Club is showing itself a pre-eminently practical body. While it calls upon its special engineer to lecture and demonstrate to the members upon elementary automobile mechanics, the services of Lieutenant Wyndham, King's Messenger, were lately requisitioned to inform *les chauffeurs* upon the good and bad points of a motor-car. A friend of mine who was present, and who knows his automobilism, tells me that he was more than astonished at the interest and knowledge shown by many of the ladies present. After all, if a lady is keen enough to get up all the details of yachting, why not of motoring?

The date for the marriage of the German Crown Prince has been altered several times, but it is now fixed for the 22nd of March next, the anniversary of the birthday of his great-grandfather, the Emperor William I. The date originally fixed upon was the 6th of May, the birthday of the bride, but that has been abandoned because the Kaiser wishes to go for a cruise in the Mediterranean at the end of April and the beginning of May.



*The Jumpers—Sporting Journalists—All the Winners—Jockeys at Play.*

I NEVER remember such good racing before Christmas as has taken place this year under National Hunt Rules. Good fields have been the rule rather than the exception, and betting has been brisk and sound, with an entire absence of the reckless gambling element so harmful to the sport. I learn, however, that starting-price jobs have been frequent, and that one or two of the stay-at-home bookmakers have already lost all the winnings they accumulated during the flat-race season. The National Hunt game is bound to prosper if the Committee will only make their rules intelligible and insist on their being carried out in their entirety. Local Stewards should be given the power to fine the layers of frivolous objections, say fifty pounds, in addition to the forfeiture of the five-pound deposit. This would rid the sport of many of the entirely stupid appeals made to the Stewards on the off-chance of their being successful. Again, prices all round—I refer to ring-fees, railway expenses, etc.—should be lessened in the winter season. A Duke does not object to paying

Mr. James Lowther was, I heard, very much annoyed at the proceeding, which now, by-the-bye, has become quite common. I was the first to publish form-selections from other papers and the mid-day betting. The latter is printed to give the little punter an idea of what price to expect, and when he goes to Epsom, for instance, he will not take 2 to 1 on the other side of the course about a horse that is at 10 to 1 offered in Tattersall's Ring. My biggest achievement and the one that has paid best of any was the using of the line "All the Winners" on the contents-bill. The wrinkle came to me in a very funny way. One day, in the autumn of 1888, I was at Waterloo, *en route* to Kempton, when a paper-boy ran by the carriage, shouting, "Captain Coe's finals! All the winners, sir!" The words "All the Winners" struck me at once as being the very thing to displace the old line of "Full Racing Results." I put my idea into immediate practice and for about three years had a monopoly of the line. Now, however, "All the Winners" is exploited by evening papers all over the



DOIG.



ATHERSMITH.



MCCOLL.

THREE FAMOUS INTERNATIONAL ASSOCIATION FOOTBALLERS.

*Photographs by Thiele and Co., Chancery Lane.*

the full price for sending a Derby horse to Epsom, but the little owner of a hurdle-jumper is seldom able to afford the very heavy charge made for a horse-box.

Lord Durham has been speaking his mind on certain sporting writers, but I think the latter are quite able to take care of themselves. It was not so always. I remember the time when sporting journalists were looked down upon by their brothers of the pen, who considered they were not even eligible to become members of the Press Club. Things are altered now, however, and on the staff of a daily paper, at any rate, the sporting man is considered to be a very big potato indeed. But journalists and journals are not supposed to do the work of the Stewards of the Jockey Club, and a journalist who pens a libel is, in my opinion, a fool. Therefore, when a sporting journalist scents anything wrong or hears of a rogue, he hints at it in such a way that the authorities (all-powerful, by-the-bye, and subject to no appeal whatever) could proceed to do the striking. It will be remembered that the Wood v. Cox case was brought into Court. It cost thousands, which might have been saved had the question of alleged fact been only decided by the Stewards of the Jockey Club, as it should have been. I have yet to find the newspaper-proprietor who would knowingly employ a dishonest sporting journalist, and, by the same token, the journalist would soon be "out of collar" if he continually penned libels instead of hinting to the authorities of scandals.

I have told before how I stood a chance of being warned off for being the first to publish the result of trials in a daily paper. The late

country. I was the first to adopt the word "Finals" for a contents-bill, and it is to this day a word to charm with.

The flat-race jockeys are just now enjoying themselves motoring, golfing, shooting, hunting, and playing billiards. M. Cannon is a good all-round sportsman. He plays cricket and golf, sails his own yacht, rides straight to hounds, and can play billiards and bowls. He also takes the liveliest interest in football, never misses the Final Tie at the Crystal Palace, and is seldom absent from any match in which the Southampton team is engaged. E. Martin at one time kept a big kennel of greyhounds, but he has since gone in largely for the training of jumpers, and up to now he has been highly successful. C. Wood, since he gave up riding as a jockey, has turned farmer and trainer. He follows the hounds as straight as the crow flies, and at one time hunted a pack at his own expense. A. Day, who trains at Arundel, spends the winter months in collecting old prints, of which he is a connoisseur. He is a son of William of Woodyates, whom I knew well. He rented a training establishment from the good Earl of Shaftesbury, who took no interest in racing.

And here I may add that the Michel Grove training-grounds occupied by Mr. G. S. Davies are owned by his Grace the Duke of Norfolk, who does not even attend the Goodwood Meeting, although I saw him at the meeting once, many years ago. Gurry, the Newmarket trainer, is a good farmer and takes many prizes for his fat stock at the Christmas Shows. John Porter's forte is horticulture, and J. McCall, of Dunbar, goes in for breeding prize-poultry.

CAPTAIN COE.



## OUR LADIES' PAGES.

IF "there's nothing like leather," as the droll folk of another generation were fond of saying in the sense facetious, we of this may add with conviction, "There's nothing like John Pound's leather." A dressing-bag from Pound, a travelling-trunk from Pound, a hat-case, or what you will, and one knows it is the best that can be



COMBINED PURSE AND CARD-CASE WITH WATCH ATTACHMENT.

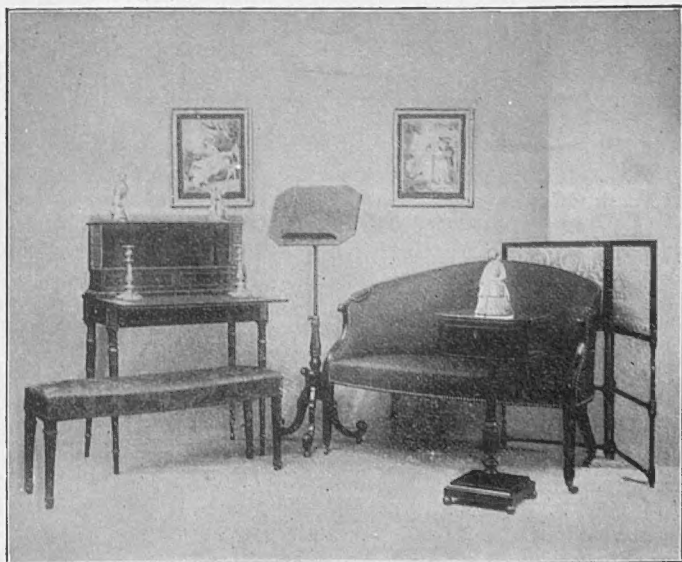


HAND-BAG FITTED WITH PURSE, SCENT-BOTTLE, AND CARD-CASE.

BY JOHN POUND AND CO.

crocodile or lizard-skin this bag is equally desirable. Three good, plain bottles, in a pig-skin case, to hold toilet washes or scents, is a useful adjunct in travelling, when bottles so often come to grief and spoil the contents of the box in which they are packed. Of note-and-letter cases for men there is an unusually large selection, while one must lastly mention the newest thing in cigarette-boxes, which is a speciality of Pound's, and takes the form of a miniature billiard-table, perfectly appointed, green-cloth top and all, which, on the lid being lifted, discloses compartments for matches, cigars, and cigarettes. The price is very low, something under a guinea, and so within reach of all.

At Messrs. Gill and Reigate's an unusually elegant and varied choice of artistic furniture and the *bibelots* which go to beautify a home are always to be found. But, in view of this present-giving season, special preparations have been made to collect artistic objects which, without being extravagant or over-costly, are in themselves unique, and therefore acceptable to the cultured taste of the connoisseur, as well as to the young couple setting up house, whose



FURNITURE BY MESSRS. GILL AND REIGATE.

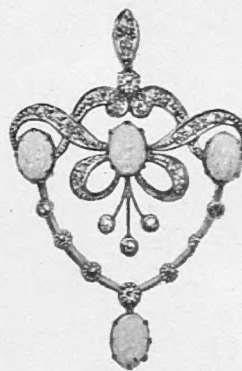
bought, and will outlast the allotted span of four ordinary dressing-bags, trunks, or hat-cases, as the case may be. Even the American railway-porter cannot, it is said, smash a Pound trunk, nor can his powers of destruction prevail against it, and a greater tribute to its invulnerability cannot surely be paid. At the Regent Street and Piccadilly branches of the great firm in Leadenhall Street some surprisingly original and useful novelties have been brought together for the Christmas season, and, besides an admirable show of fitted dressing-cases, many smaller articles suitable for gifts can be picked up at quite modest prices.

There is a smart purse-bag in the new version of crocodile leather which is so delightfully soft and pliable as to merit the name of velvet crocodile; in tobacco-pouches it is a great boon to men. A combined purse and card-case with a watch attachment, the watch being a reliable time-keeper, makes the daintiest possible present; and a small hand-bag, fitted with purse, scent-bottle, and card-case, would be an invaluable accompaniment to one's walks abroad. In

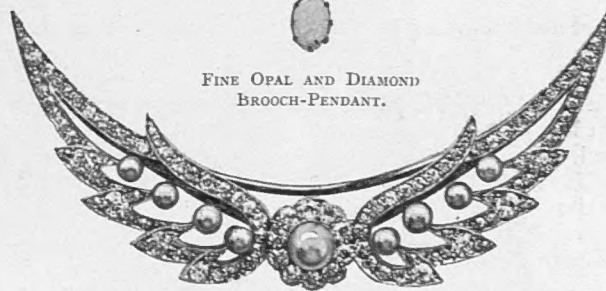
delight in the possession of an occasional "find," if less discriminating, is no less sincere. At Gill and Reigate's one may be sure of alighting on treasures of antique workmanship which are not selected merely because they are old, but because of the intrinsic values in handicraft which the craftsmen of other generations lavishly expended on their work. Here is an Adams knife-box, exquisitely modelled in satin-wood, there a mythological picture worked in finest silks with infinite patience and graceful result; again, a finely carved frame of the period when Grinling Gibbons made a deathless name with his carving tools. The virtues that lie in old Sheffield plate—the wine-coolers, the candlesticks, the snuffer-trays—are plentifully evidenced at Gill and Reigate's, together with embroideries from many countries, Portugal, Spain, Italy, with all the enriching possibilities they give to a hall or room. China-fanciers will find themselves very much at home in reviewing the relics of Chelsea, Bristol, Worcester, Derby, Stafford, and other famous centres which Gill and Reigate have, with great knowledge and judgment, collected in Oxford Street, and, if a last word is needed in summing up their quite unique collection, it is only to add that, notwithstanding the genuine and undoubted value of every article in their establishment, purchasers will find the prices exceedingly moderate, as a glance at the season catalogue will show to those who may be prevented from visiting the Gill and Reigate galleries in person.

The very highest expression of art in bronzes and silver-ware will be found, it goes without saying, at Elkington's, and at this season the great galleries at 22, Regent Street, are in themselves a wonder-world of the arts and crafts.

artistic effort are object, large or little, galleries abound, and, piece of modelling a merely moulded well assured that with Elkington's name it is of the best workman- mand, a belief that firm to the pre- enjoyed. In the



FINE OPAL AND DIAMOND BROOCH-PENDANT.



FINE PEARL AND DIAMOND BROOCH OR HAIR-ORNAMENT.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS BY ELKINGTON AND COMPANY.

which Messrs. Elkington have prepared for their public some especially desirable numbers appear, and at especially moderate prices. A silver playing-card cabinet, to hold several packs, is very decorative, glass panels forming the sides, while the packs of cards are arranged to rise automatically as the lid is opened. Crystal candlesticks with plain solid-silver fittings have, again, the *cachet* of Elkington's elegance and taste. Here also one comes on admirable copies of the heavily cut antique decanters of either old English or the celebrated "Waterford" glass. Two grotesque spirit-decanters specially suited to Christmas presents are the pig and pug-dog whisky-bottles, admirable examples in glass of the animals they represent and, with silver mounts, costing only half-a-guinea each. An apparatus, aptly called "The Sluggard's Delight," to keep plates and dishes hot at breakfast-time is above all things a desirable acquisition, and, if one cannot get it presented to one, it should be unequivocally presented to oneself. There are bowls, tankards, and flower-vases of silver, following the superbly simple lines of ancient Irish designs, which are a joy to the eye surfeited with meretricious embossing and beating and hammering of the cheap, thread-paper silver-ware of the drapers' shops. Necklets and pendants in many devices and combinations of different jewels also appeal to the cultured taste in matters of jewellery. A simple but charming example is one made up of diamonds and pearls, with a pale-green centre stone of tourmaline, and a pink-hued pendent jewel of the same stone. Another very graceful necklet is rendered in pearls and topaz and fine ruby-red garnets. Some brooches of differently coloured gems set in delicate frames of enamel were most attractive, and baroque pearls caged in gold wire formed another seductive departure in jewellery. Those who are able to roam Regent Street on shopping and pleasure bent should undoubtedly visit Elkington's this Christmas; those who cannot come townwards should send for their catalogue. It is only a synopsis of their many treasures, but, even from that abbreviated point of view, is a study in small temptations.



Now that the daily afternoon solace of the well-to-do unemployed is Bridge, Bridge, and still more Bridge, it may be useful to remember that as a Christmas gift a card-table is what nearly everybody wants, and what everybody, moreover, will receive with delight. In this connection it may be useful to know that Oetzmann, of Hampstead Road, specialise in the production of cheap and charming Bridge-tables, one particular sort, built of fumigated oak or walnut, and made to fold up flat when not in use, being sold by them at fifteen shillings. Also at their establishment may be seen an English-made roll-top pedestal-desk, incomparably cheap, and useful for the busy man or woman. Afternoon-tea sets on trays in daintily patterned china are retailed at half-a-guinea upwards, their value being considerably more. Chippendale palm-stands with brass or copper linings, quaint inlaid corner cabinets, mahogany Sheraton mirrors, and dozens of other elegant trifles that will appeal to the eye of the house-proud matron lie around in tempting medley. Oetzmann's have enlarged on the old oak dower-chest of past centuries by introducing a solid, modern prototype in fumigated oak having a large, handsome, oxidised copper repoussé panel on the front. This at thirty-five shillings is absurdly cheap and would make a really practical and decorative Yuletide presentation. Amongst smoking-room accessories are Cairene coffee-stools, inlaid Damascus easels, carved Moorish settees, and Benares tiffin-tables, all attractive exceedingly and most appropriate presents for men. An additional advantage to purchasers is that the low prices prevailing at Oetzmann's recent sale will be continued over the Christmas and New Year season, thus offering every facility for obtaining bargains and conferring favours on one's friends at the same time.

Those who do their shopping by post will find a considerable saving effected in the matter of clocks, jewellery, silver-ware, and electro-plate by purchasing at Lambert's, of Hall Street, Birmingham. Their catalogue is a revelation in low prices, and, as it may be had for the asking, those who wish to satisfy themselves of the possibilities it

offers should send for a copy. Who would, for example, be without a Queen Anne tea-pot when one of these charming old designs can be had in reliable electro-plate for twenty shillings, while a handsomely embossed and quite stately tea-urn to hold five pints is available for three pounds? Copies of old Sheffield wine-coolers, interesting modern reproductions of James I. and other periods, in domestic silver-plate, are shown, together with many novelties in finely cut crystal vases rimmed with silver which are always welcome presents for the dinner-table or writing-table. Pages are employed to illustrate the gold and gem-set brooches and bracelets which Lambert's manufacture and retail at wonderfully moderate prices, and the catalogue is, in fact, an epitome of the gentle art of economy.

If simplicity strikes the key-note of perfection, then the "Simplex" Piano-Player has been well named, and the musically intelligent are readily recognising that as an instrument it emphasises the difference between the mechanical and the artistic in a special degree. The "Simplex" Piano-Player is of the simplest possible mechanical construction, instantly and easily adjusted to any piano—one, too, in which the winding of sheet-music is independent of the foot-pedals, so that no unnecessary energy is needed to keep the music-roll moving, and the sole work of the bellows—as in the organ—can be, therefore, devoted to *expressing* the music that is being interpreted. Musicians will especially understand how vital this is to an artistic result from mechanical piano-playing. "Simplex" in name and "simplex" in nature, this piano-player is equally suitable to the cottage or the castle.

Visitors to the Tottenham Court Road end of Oxford Street will find themselves impelled to look in at the offices of the "Erasmic" Soap Company, where the handsome shop-front is well supported by the attractions within. The "Erasmic" Herb perfumes which have obtained so great a name are displayed in elegant boxes specially manufactured for Christmas gifts, and the "Erasmic" soap, which in a few years has attained a world-wide reputation by reason of its excellence and purity, as well as the grateful perfume it emits in use, can be had in dainty boxes at the popular price of a shilling for three tablets, or made up in ornamental caskets together with the

"Erasmic" perfumes, which in combination make a most acceptable offering at this or any other season.

It is interesting to note, in connection with the soap-manufacturing industry, that Messrs. Lever Brothers have joined the National Service League, which has been instituted for the improvement and benefit of work-people. Their soap and chemical works are models of cleanliness, comfort, and convenience, and, as large employers of labour, too much importance cannot be attached to the equitable manner in which the British workman is here treated and the example afforded in the humane control and management of Lever Brothers' great industry.

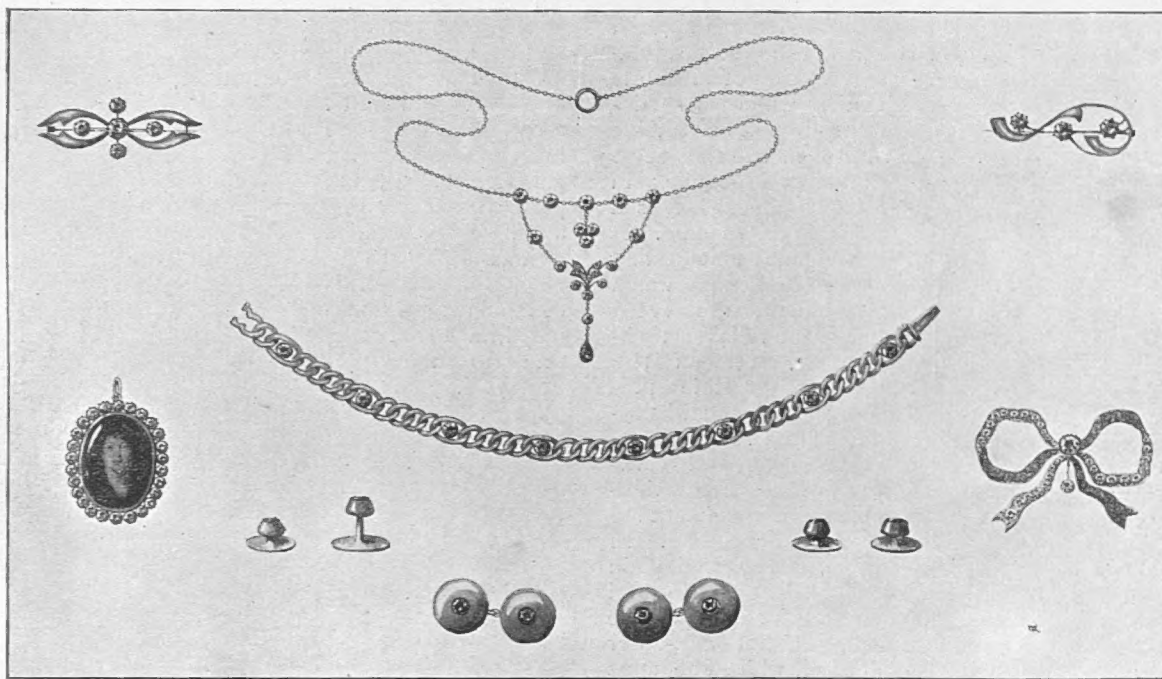
In pagan Athens or Rome, where men attached more value to cleanliness than perhaps anything else in their very variegated lives, the inventor of Scrubb's Ammonia would undoubtedly have been deified, and possibly had a temple or two erected in his honour. But though we mere moderns are a little less enthusiastically clean than all this would amount to, there can be no question that we recognise a very large indebtedness to Scrubb's Cloudy Ammonia, in the bath, in the laundry, in the butler's pantry—wherever, in fact, there is any cleansing process to be carried through quickly, brilliantly, and without injury to the object in want of cleansing. Scrubb's Ammonia is, of all other inventions, invigorating in the bath. It rehabilitates tarnished silver in the proverbial twinkling of an eye, it restores the white colour of laces, linen, and cambric without injury to the most delicate fabric, and it gives a polish to glass and silver when used in water that brings joy to the housemaid's heart. Therefore, on all accounts, Scrubb is a possession which ought to

be a fixture in every pantry and without which the best-appointed household is incomplete.

SYBIL.

#### THE NEW SAPPHIRES.

Sapphires have been less in demand during the last century owing to their lack of brilliancy by artificial light, but the jewels which inspired the devotion of Cleopatra now bid fair to out-shine even their former popularity. In the new mine sapphires lovers of these



NEW SAPPHIRE JEWELLERY (HALF-SIZE) AT MAPPIN AND WEBB'S.

stones find all that can be desired—richness of colour and brilliancy at night—and the well-known firm of Mappin and Webb are making a speciality of them. We are enabled to show a few sketches from this firm's extensive stock of these beautiful gems, which rival even the Eastern stones, yet cost little more than half their price. For Christmas presents Messrs. Mappin and Webb are showing a large collection of brooches, pendants, &c., entirely of the new sapphires or combined with diamonds, at prices ranging from two pounds to five hundred, calculated to suit all pockets and tastes, whilst the name of this famous firm is a synonym for good value.

At either of Mappin and Webb's show-rooms in London, 158, Oxford Street, W., 2, Queen Victoria Street, E.C., and 220, Regent Street, W., may be found a bewildering variety of charming suggestions for gifts, whilst for those who do not care to face the elements just now a profusely illustrated catalogue has been issued, which will be sent, post free, upon receipt of a post-card, from either address.

Visitors to the Riviera this season may reach Cannes, Nice, Monte Carlo, &c., comfortably, quickly, and economically by the joint services of the Brighton Railway of England and the Ouest and P.L.M. Railways of France. Passengers who elect to travel through without break of journey should take a first-class ticket and travel by the Brighton Company's 10 a.m. service from Victoria or London Bridge, reaching Paris-St. Lazare at 6.40 p.m. or Paris-Lyon at 8.10 p.m., through corridor-lavatory carriages and restaurant-car being run direct from Dieppe to Paris-Lyon alongside the departure platforms for the South, the drive across Paris being avoided. The programme for the journey which commends itself to those who wish to avoid a night spent in travel *en route* is to leave London by the 10 a.m. service, registering all heavy baggage through to destination, stopping the night in Paris, and taking advantage of the new Côte d'Azur express, which leaves Paris-Lyon at 9 a.m. every week-day to Dec. 31, and afterwards every day. A pamphlet giving full particulars may be obtained from the Continental Traffic Manager, London Bridge Terminus.



## CITY NOTES.

*The Next Settlement begins on Dec. 28.*

## MONEY AND END-OF-THE-YEAR MARKETS.

ONE of the most noteworthy features of the Christmas markets is the ease of money. As a rule, the requirements of the end of the year have made, even in the old days of a 2 per cent. Bank Rate, a certain stringency during the middle and end of December; but, so far, money is no dearer now than in November.

The markets have, except in the Yankee Corner, been quiet, but everywhere there are signs of a bull account, and there is no doubt that the speculation for the coming rise, which has been very prevalent, is the most prolific source of danger. The renewed flutter in Yankees is due to the over-bought account and the weakness of the bulls more than to anything else, and the warning which we have of late sounded in these Notes has been more than amply justified.

## KAFFIRS V. YANKEES.

If it is really going to be a tug-of-war between the two markets, with the interest of the public as the reward to the winner, we shall have little doubt upon which side to put our money. The sensational Yankee movements of the last week or two are all very well in their way for the professed gamblers, but they do not appeal to the general public by any means. People like to feel they are going to have a fair run for their money, and, with the American market so entirely at the mercy of the various bosses, it is impossible to operate in either direction upon the "intrinsic" data which are in sight. Whereas, in the Kaffir Circus, the position is much less complicated, and the big houses have not yet descended to flaming advertisements in the newspapers, such as the City has been amused with lately in the case of Americans. We must admit frankly that the South African dividends are not anything like so good as they ought to be, having regard to the improved conditions of the gold-mining industry. Several of the principal Companies are declaring less dividend than they paid a year ago, which looks bad, although there is this to be remembered, namely, that distributions at the end of 1903 were in some cases augmented by cash which the mines had been hoarding during the War period, and which they decided to release upon the eve of what was expected to be a revolution in costs, on account of the Chinese. The Kaffir Circus has every appearance of strength, and, given the increase of public business in the New Year such as the market expects, there may easily be a sharp advance still to come after the holidays, whether the new Paris Trust operates or not.

## MORE ABOUT THE PEKIN SYNDICATE.

Since we referred briefly last week to the work of the Pekin Syndicate, and showed the pit-head of one of the coal-shafts, we have received further information as to the progress of the work. Two shafts are being sunk for coal, at a distance of a hundred and forty feet apart, and these shafts are linked by galleries at different levels. At present, the shaft illustrated in our last week's picture is down to a depth of about four hundred feet, and payable coal is expected to be encountered very soon. Hence, no doubt, the recent animation in the price of the shares. It speaks well for the Mother Country that most of the machinery has been, and is being, sent from England, and the Pekin Syndicate has equipped excellent workshops near the mines in order to deal expeditiously and economically with a large quantity of coal. The men employed are natives, with the exception of the higher ranks, who are English, under Mr. Alexander Reid, A.M.I.C.E., the Engineer-in-Chief. Electric-light is used both for surface and underground working.

## FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"Merry Christmas, gentlemen all! Merry Christmas!" cried The Jobber, first man in the compartment this morning.

The conventional thanks, the conventional "Same-to-you," followed.

"It's going to be a merrier one for you than most of you fellows expected," remarked The Engineer, rather loftily.

"No need for you to be jealous," was the genial retort. "Your turn some day."

"Oh, I wasn't——"

"Yes you were, if you will excuse my contradicting you," The Jobber answered. "How about Kaffirs now, my boy?" and he gave The Broker a playful dig in the ribs.

"If you do that again I'll never deal with you any more," said the aggrieved party.

"Well, maybe I'd save money if you didn't," replied The Jobber, astutely, knowing the weak parts of a broker's armour.

The compliment was evidently appreciated, for the House-man asked his friend for an opinion about Knight's.

"Knight's, Wolhuter, and City's: you can buy the lot."

"Not without troubling our worthy Banker, perhaps," and The Merchant laughed at his own little joke.

"Do you lend money on Kaffir shares, sir?" inquired The City Editor, with much apparent innocence.

The Banker said he thought the weather very mild for the time of year, and a quiet smile wandered round The Carriage.

"Very mild," agreed The Engineer. "Ought to make it good for the railways."

"Oh, hang your railways!" exclaimed The Jobber. "You can't talk for two minutes without dragging in trains and things!"

"Might do worse," considered The City Editor. "Look at the rise in North-Westerns."

"Due to a House tip, mostly," The Broker explained. "The price will come down to 150 again, sure as fate."

"I'm not so certain about that," The Engineer challenged him. "Besides this new agreement with the Lancashire and Yorkshire——"

"Who said South-Eastern and Chatham?" demanded The Jobber, whom The Broker advised not to be an ass.

"Besides this new agreement, I say," The Engineer continued, "we have to remember the much better state of the cotton industry."

"You've only got to cotton on to Rails and you'll need no more industry, I suppose," suggested The Irrepressible.

"A gag would be a very useful present for you," The Broker began, "and I've——"

"That reminds me," and The Jobber opened a little leather bag he was holding. "I have a few small souvenirs here which I wish to offer to the gentlemen present——"

The Carriage stared at itself, hard.

"It's all made out of the public," remarked The Solicitor, unkindly.

The Jobber turned to him at once. "By way of heaping fiery things upon your head, allow me to offer you this, with the sincere hope that some day you may attain a like eminence."

The Solicitor took the handsome packet of Old Judge tobacco, with profuse apologies and thanks.

"Didn't know solicitors ever became Judges," observed The Engineer, critically.

"You've a lot to learn," said The Jobber, unmoved. "Do you mind taking that?" and he held out a neat little parcel; "and remember how even despised things sometimes make excellent investments."

Everyone laughed when, from many coverings, The Engineer finally produced a book of "Twopenny Tube" tickets.

"This grows more and more exciting," said The Broker, as he undid his own present.

"Just a reminder, brokie, of which side to keep your clients on in the Kaffir Circus."

There was general admiration of the tiny gold charm, in the shape of a bull, which The Broker displayed.

"'Tisn't fair," grumbled The Engineer; "he's got gold and I only have paper."

"Buy yourself Mexican Government Bonds," The Solicitor counselled, "and you will not regret having exchanged the metal for the scrip."

The Banker was cutting the string of a tightly-tied little parcel. Out fell a small gold square. "What is it?" he asked.

"You see that proud boast on it?" and The Jobber pointed to the words "Aloan I did it." He opened the little stamp-case and took out a dozen sixpenny stamps.

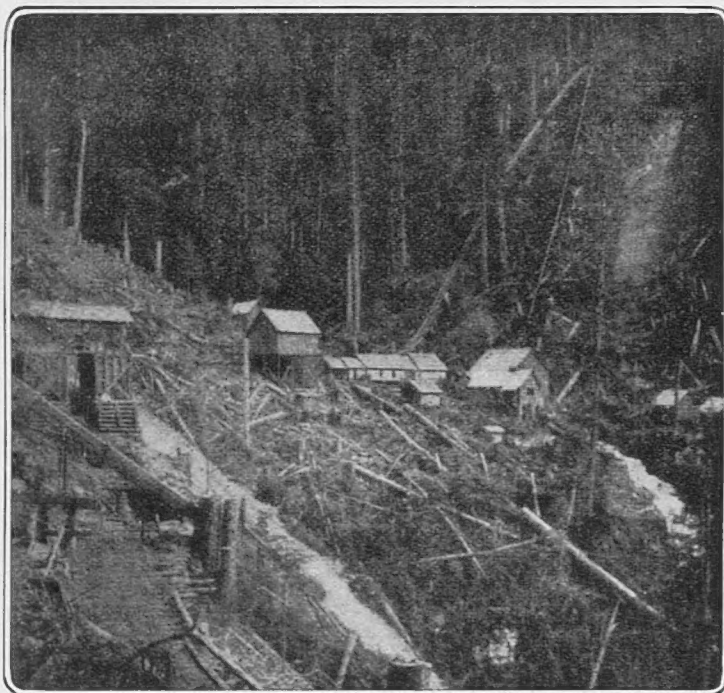
Evidently The Carriage was no stranger to the method of obtaining a loan from its bank, and the applause was vigorous.

"Didn't know you had both money and brains," said The Merchant, ambiguously.

"More coals of fire wanted," The Father Christmas observed. "Here's a cigar-tube for you."

"How very ordinary!" laughed The City Editor.

"Not at all; its Preferred," and The Merchant sucked with content at his new possession.



BRITISH COLUMBIAN MINES: THE YREKA MINE, QUATSINO.



"You have probably noticed how those Trust Companies' stocks are rising," said The Banker, as if the last remark reminded him of something.

"I've bought myself Japanese Sixes of both sorts for a good, well-paying investment," The Merchant answered him; "and I believe they will come out on top some day."

"Besides paying you good interest in the meanwhile," The Broker added.

"So long as they pay at all," said The Solicitor.

"As a speculative investment, I think they have merit," and The Banker rubbed his glasses.

"Another decent spec. is Taltal Railway shares," maintained The Broker. "The Company's doing well, and the price has a ten shillings rise in it."

"Mr. Lawson isn't likely to attack it?" and The Engineer looked quizzical.

"Those advertisements beat me altogether," admitted The Broker. "But they certainly have a fair amount of effect. I fancy Yankees won't go much better yet awhile."

"What are you up to?" asked The Engineer, as The Jobber shook his bag violently.

"Can't find it. I must have— Oh, here it is! Catch, sonnie. Love and Kisses," and he threw a white box to The City Editor.

"I wondered where he came in," and The Merchant handed his knife across to cut the string.

All eyes were upon The City Editor as he drew forth a dainty silver statuette upon a base bearing his initials. The necessary stick of sealing-wax was alongside.

"Who is she?" inquired The Engineer again. The City Editor laughed, and the questioner caught sight of the title.

"Why, it's a model of Truth!" he announced.

"The virtue, not the newspaper," added The Jobber.

"Why trouble to explain? Thanks, awfully!" said The City Editor. "You insulting dog! Getting out here? Merry Christmas, old man."

"Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!" cried the rest in chorus, as The Jobber waved a fond farewell from the platform.

#### THE TIMES AND THE TOUTS.

The old days, in which a blatant puff and a touting circular recommending some particular share were of much use, have gone by, and we are treated to something a little more artistic in this twentieth century. The smallest prospect of returning prosperity induces the host of touts and bucket-shops to put out their horns, and, despite the caution which such an experience as the suspension of the London and Paris Exchange engenders, many of the fraternity are doing good business.

The *modus operandi* is, as a rule, simple, and consists of getting blocks of shares, mostly from the original vendors, in various Industrial and Mining Companies put under option at comparatively rubbish-price, and then constructing such an artistic puff that the bulk of the option can be disposed of at well above the purchase-price. This method has the merit of simplicity, and the person or persons whose shares are sold cannot be held responsible in law for the statements made by the tout; while, long before the victim finds out the unreliability of the information on which he acted, our friend the outside broker—who probably trades under the name of a Limited Liability Company—has removed to some other place and cannot be found.

The Industrial Share Exchange, which does business in a street turning out of the Strand, is very active just now in the carrying on of its business, and issues, in a shape resembling a newspaper, a circular in which sound criticisms of many Industrial and Mining concerns are, incidentally, of course, mixed with puffs of a few specialities, nor does it forget to beg its readers to buy shares on an instalment system which means paying more than the market-price, or to join in a blind pool giving the Exchange the right to speculate with clients' money as it likes.

These things would be below contempt, but for the fact that our correspondence-basket shows us how many unsuspecting and innocent people there are, and the large sums which pass into the hands of bucket-shop keepers every year by such means.

In all such cases the criticisms are generally true, and the puffs to be avoided.

Saturday, Dec. 17, 1904.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 108, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each Month.

DOUBTFUL.—The concern is a small one carrying on industrial insurance business. It is respectable, and, we hear, well conducted. As to your dividends, we suppose you hold Pref. shares. If so, you certainly ought to have received 8 per cent. for the year 1902. The quinquennial valuation will be made in 1907, and the shareholders are entitled to a fifth of the profit shown. On the whole, it is not an investment we should select, but the dividend appears fairly safe.

LIGHT.—Yes, we think Welsbach 6 per cent. Pref. a cheap and good speculative purchase. If you had waited for our last issue, you need not have asked.

E. P.—If you buy Yankees on a slump and get out quick, you may make money; but, to be successful, you must be on the spot and watch things carefully.

NOTE.—In consequence of having to go to press early next week, we must ask the indulgence of our correspondents.

## CHRISTMAS RAILWAY ARRANGEMENTS.

### THE BRIGHTON RAILWAY COMPANY

are announcing that by their Royal Mail Route, via Newhaven, Dieppe, and Rouen, a special fourteen-day excursion to Paris, Rouen, and Dieppe will be run from London by the express day service on Saturday morning, Dec. 24, and also by the express night service on Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday evenings, Dec. 21, 22, 23, and 24.

### THE SOUTH-EASTERN AND CHATHAM RAILWAY

will issue week-end cheap tickets from London by certain trains on Dec. 23, 24, and 25 to Tunbridge Wells, Bexhill, St. Leonards, Hastings, Canterbury, Whitstable, Herne Bay, Birchington, Westgate, Margate, Broadstairs, Ramsgate, &c. On Christmas Eve fast late trains will be run to the principal stations on their system, and week-end cheap tickets will be issued to certain places by these trains. Special cheap return tickets will be issued from London to stations on the French Riviera, via Folkestone and Boulogne, and cheap excursions will also run from London to Paris, via Dover-Calais and Folkestone-Boulogne, also from London to Brussels, via Dover-Calais, Folkestone-Boulogne, and Dover-Ostend. Full particulars will be found in the Holiday Programme and bills.

### THE GREAT CENTRAL RAILWAY COMPANY'S

A. B. C. Programme contains ample and admirable facilities for those desirous of spending the holidays at places reached by their comfortable and expeditious route. Excursions are announced from London (Marylebone), Woolwich, Greenwich, and Metropolitan Stations to all the principal towns and health resorts in the Midlands, North of England, and Scotland. On Saturday, Dec. 24, special express trains leave Marylebone at convenient times for all parts, and there are also additional fast trains at Saturday midnight, on Sunday, Dec. 25, and Monday, Dec. 26. Copies of this handy guide can be obtained, free, on application at Marylebone Station or at any of the Company's Town Offices and Agencies.

### THE GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY COMPANY

provides for all. Rapid transit, cheap trains, warm and comfortable carriages are included in the bill-of-fare offered by this popular Company. Tickets of all kinds are issued at their City and West-End Offices, and can be obtained and dated in advance to suit the public. Pamphlets containing full information may be obtained on application to the Company's divisional officers, station-masters, or Town Office Agents, on receipt of a post-card stating what is required. Excursions will be run during the holidays to the principal towns, inland watering-places, and seaside resorts, and cheap week-end tickets will be issued on Dec. 23 and 24 to most of the principal stations and health and holiday resorts.

### THE MIDLAND RAILWAY COMPANY

have arranged for the booking-offices at St. Pancras and Moorgate Street Stations to be open for the issue of tickets all day on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, Dec. 22, 23, and 24. Tickets to all principal stations on the Midland Railway can be obtained beforehand at the Midland Company's City and Suburban Offices, a list of which is given in the Company's time-table and excursion programmes. The Company's list of excursions includes practically all the stations on their line, and facilities are extended to those desiring to visit Scotland or Ireland.

### THE LONDON AND NORTH-WESTERN COMPANY

announce that the ticket-offices at Euston, Broad Street, Victoria (Pimlico), Kensington, and Willesden Junction will be open throughout each day this week, so that passengers wishing to obtain tickets can do so at any time of the day prior to the starting of the trains, and so avoid the crush at the stations. Tickets, dated to suit the convenience of passengers, can also be obtained at the Town Receiving Offices of the Company. Special arrangements have also been made for the collection, quick transit, and prompt delivery of Christmas parcels.

### THE LONDON AND SOUTH-WESTERN COMPANY

have made every possible arrangement for the comfort and convenience of passengers travelling from London (Waterloo Station) to the West of England, Plymouth, Exeter, Ilfracombe, Isle of Wight, Weymouth, Dorchester, Bournemouth, and other principal stations in Devon, Cornwall, Somerset, Dorset, Wilts, Hants, &c. Numerous excursion trains will be run, and the week-end tickets usually available to return on the Tuesday will be extended to the Wednesday. Fourteen-day excursion tickets will be issued from London (Waterloo Station) to Paris and to the Channel Islands for fifteen days or less. The Company's Holiday Programme may be obtained at any of the London Offices and Agencies, or of Mr. Henry Holmes, Waterloo Station.

### THE GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY COMPANY

announce that on Dec. 23 excursion tickets for five or sixteen days will be issued to York, Darlington, Newcastle, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Perth, Aberdeen, and intermediate stations. On Saturday, Dec. 24, excursions will be run to the Norfolk district, Lincolnshire, Nottinghamshire, Yorkshire, Derbyshire, Staffordshire, Lancashire, and other stations. Cheap week-end tickets for the holidays will be issued to all stations on the Great Northern system. Particulars may be obtained from the Tourist and Week-end Programme. The Company have also made special and complete arrangements for the collection, quick transit, and prompt delivery of Christmas parcels.